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ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

Tom Hopper and His Fox Hounds

W. J. TAYLOR - PUBLISHER - WOODSTOCK ONT.

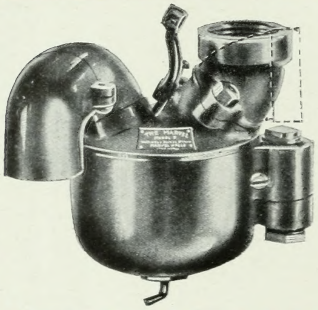
WINCHESTER

.351 Caliber High Power Self-Loading Repeating Rifle

The cartridge this rifle handles costs $10.00 less a thousand than the old style cartridges, practically no more powerful. Besides being economical in the matter of ammunition, the Winchester .351 Caliber High Power Self-Loader is simple and strong in construction, a hard, rapid shooter and powerful enough to kill the largest game.

Full illustrated description of this rifle—"The Gun That Shoots Through Steel"—sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - - - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



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Best on 2 Cycle Engines
Best on 2 Cylinder 4 Cycle Engines
Best on Boats
Best on everything

You can return it in 10 days and get your money back if it does not suit you. Nothing like it. Try it and see.

Marvel Manufacturing Co.

Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.

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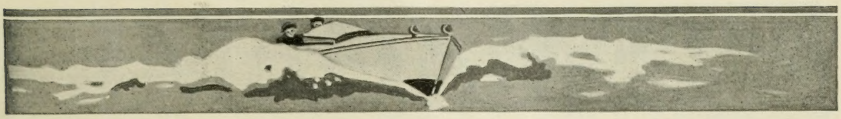
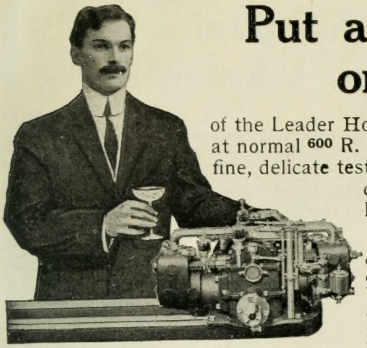
Labatt's

(LONDON)

India Pale Ale

Brewed from selected hops, choice barley malt and pure spring water, with the utmost care. Bottled at the brewery depots to insure proper handling. That is why Labatt's Ale is equal to the finest, surpassed by none, though it costs consumers about half as much as imported goods.





Put a Glass of Water on the Cylinder

of the Leader Horizontal Opposed Marine Engine, while running at normal 600 R. P. M. and not a drop will be spilled. This is a fine, delicate test and not another marine motor on the market could duplicate it. It simply shows that the Leader is the only *non-vibrating* marine engine.

There is a reason for it. The impulse vibration of one cylinder neutralizes that on the other, and practically eliminates vibration of the whole. The cylinders being opposed, take up all vibration between them, and the result is a silent, smooth running engine that can only be duplicated by an electric motor. Automobile manufacturers recognize this principle and use the horizontal opposed type of motor

Do manufacturers of upright engines tell you because their crank shafts are fitted with counterbalance bobs they eliminate vibration? Well, don't you believe it. Ride in a boat with a vertical engine and then in one fitted with the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine, and note the difference. Let their makers say what they will, it is absolutely impossible to prevent considerable vibration in upright engines; vibration means discomfort and boat injury.

Owing to its compactness, the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine can be installed beneath an athwartship locker in a launch, under the cockpit floor of a cabin cruiser, and under the deck of an auxiliary yacht, thereby not consuming one inch of available passenger room. This increases the passenger-carrying capacity of your boat 25 per cent. or more.

The Leader is by far the cleanest engine on the market, and very convenient because every part is readily accessible. It starts from the switch; after that, all you have to watch is the course ahead.

The Leader was the first successful horizontal opposed 4-cycle engine placed on the market and to-day it is easily three years ahead of it nearest competitor. I personally guarantee every engine that goes out of this shop, because I know that it is perfect in every feature. Running, as we are, more than full capacity, it would perhaps be a little cheaper not to give each one such painstaking care, but I will not permit an engine to leave the testing block until it has proven perfect in every part. Therefore, a guarantee from me with my long experience (22 years), and my personal standing in this field of work, means that you take no risk.

Write to-day for our Catalog No. 15-B, Free for the asking.

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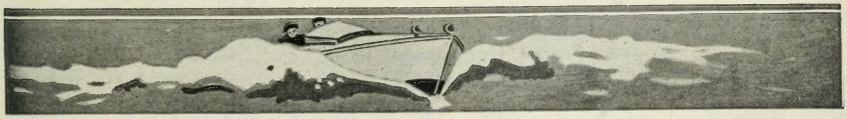
Members National Association Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

Leader Non-Vibrating Motor.



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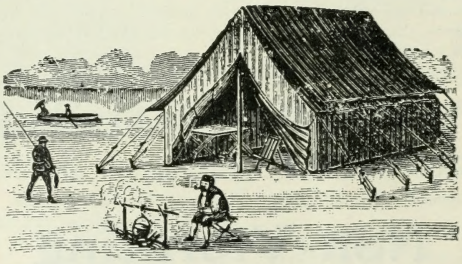

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there is nothing goes quite so well as a bit of good fat bacon. If you have not been used to fat bacon — try it — the doctors say it is good and after you have tried it you will say so too. Ask your grocer to get you

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All Fearman's goods are Government inspected.

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Kent Double Spinner Bass Baits

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are the best baits for bass that can be obtained.

Sent Postpaid 75 cents

Manufactured exclusively by

Samuel H. Friend, Kent, O., U. S. A.

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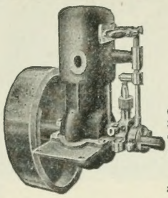

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2, 4 or 6 H. P. Two Cycle Marine Engine

We have recently purchased the entire plant of the St. Clair Motor Co., and offer a limited number of

THE FAMOUS LITTLE SKIPPER MARINE ENGINES.

at very interesting prices.

They are selling rapidly. The price will be increased when the present lot is sold. Ask for Catalog R.G.

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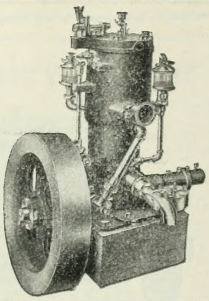
Manufacturers of Gray Mufflers, Autochimes, Valves, Foot-Pedals, Steam and Air Chime Whistles, etc., etc.

2½-5-7 h. p. Single Cylinder

THE ROYAL ENGINE

5-10-15 h. p. Double Cylinder



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No Complicated Parts. Easily Controlled.

A good plain, practical motor that will give satisfactory service.

IT'S A WILLING WORKER.

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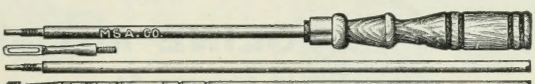
Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod

This Rod will not wobble, bend or break at the joints

As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cuts when its three sections are screwed home, it is to all intents as solid as a one-piece rod. A long, neatly fitting steel dowel enters the recess prepared for it in its solid brass section and imparts to the rod a special rigidity which the screw thus relieved of all side strain upon it, backs up; (with the result that as an absolutely satisfactory Cleaning Rod, the "Marble" stands apart as a class by itself.) It has two steel joints, and a steel swivel at its end is furnished with jagged and slotted detachable tips.



Price $1. State caliber and length. Send for Marble's catalog of "extra quality" Specialties for Sportsmen.

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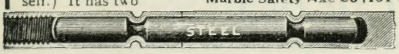

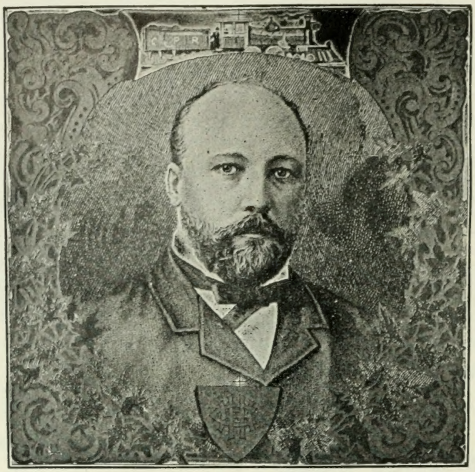

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Van Horne

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has been such a success. Smoked and liked by all good judges of cigars.

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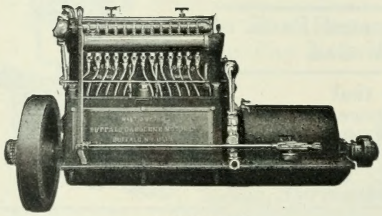

2 to 100 H. P.

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This accounts for our success. Buffalo Marine Motors are designed and built to give satisfaction *and do it.*

Write for 1908 catalogue and get posted as to new sizes and styles.

Our New Slow Speed Engine fills a long felt want.

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WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT
THE TULLER
Absolutely Fireproof
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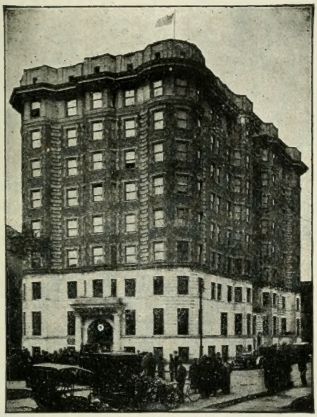

In the centre of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District. A la Carte Cafe. Grille Room. Service Unexcelled. Every Room With Bath. European Plan. Rates $1.50 per day and up.
M. A. SHAW, MANAGER.

Good photos give pleasure to the Amateur.

No clogged up shadows and dead white skies if you use

"Wellington"
Plates and Films.

Wellington P. O. P. and S. C. P. (gaslight paper) will give you good results. Try them and see.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write
WARD & CO.
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Palmer's Moosehead Brand
Waterproof
Sporting Boots

Used extensively by and designed to meet the views of sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors and others who are outdoors. No other boot could be made more waterproof and better adapted to keep its wearer comfortable in all sorts of weather. Nothing better for railway construction work. Made with or without sole and heel.

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Largest manufacturers of Oil Tan Waterproof Footwear in the world.

The Cooley Motor
New Model 1908

High-Grade Motors at a Reasonable Price

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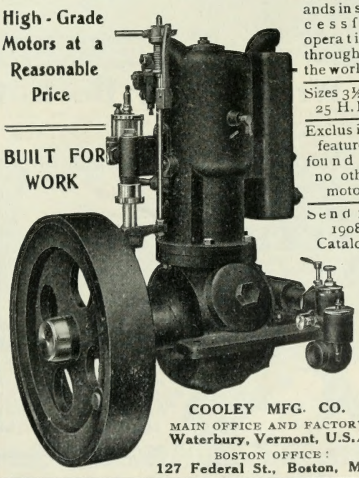

Fourteen years in use. Thousands in successful operation throughout the world

Sizes 3½ to 25 H.P.

Exclusive features found on no other motor

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COOLEY MFG. CO.
MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY:
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BOSTON OFFICE:
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"Empire" Bulk and "Ballistite" DENSE
Smokeless Powders

Leaders in the best class of Nitro Explosives

Grand American Handicap, 1908,
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BALLISTITE WINS

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP	SCORE	95 x 100
AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP	"	222 x 240
HIGH SCORE IN STATE TEAM EVENT	"	97 x 100

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Hamilton Powder Co.

Montreal, P. Q. Toronto, Ont. Victoria, B. C. Kenora, Ont.

"No Fleas on Me"

I AM WASHED WITH

'Standard' Oil of Tar

which is a Non-Poisonous Disinfectant, has a fine odor, perfect in its action, and is the best General Disinfectant on the market.

If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and one dollar for trial gallon tin to

The West Chemical Co.

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AN EVER READY

SAFETY RAZOR

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MANUFACTURED BY THE

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299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Will be given FREE to anyone sending 3 subscriptions to

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

This razor valued at $1.25 is guaranteed as good a shaver as any $5.00 razor made. Only a limited number are being offered. See advertisement of American Safety Razor Company for full description of the razor we are offering.

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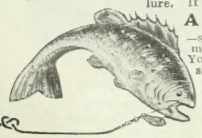
The FREEPORT HOOK Did It.

Write for My Book--It's Free.

Handsomely illustrated—tells all about "the Dutchman" and those who "follow the Dutchman"—all about the habits of fish—and how I came to make a really scientific fish-hook that, for scientific reasons, will catch fish, anywhere that fish are. Last season, thousands of fishermen-sportsmen bought "FREEPORT HOOKS"—re-ordered—told their friends—the friends ordered—re-ordered—told their friends—they ALL said: "Best we ever used." And I can prove it.

THE (Patented 1904-1908)
FREEPORT HOOK

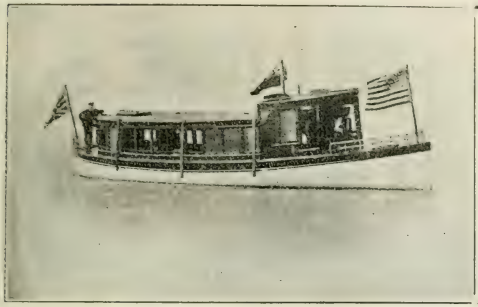
is made right, because I first made it for my own use. I am selling it because sportsmen want it. It is hand-made, in all parts, from the best materials—each HOOK tested to hold big fish. It is absolutely weedless and snag-proof—among lily pads, roots, logs or sunken tree-tops. Bait is always in natural position and motion—and the scientific color is a perfect lure. If you want to know all about



A Fish Hook That Will Catch Fish

—send for MY BOOK. Or—ASK YOUR DEALER, or send me ONE DOLLAR—for one complete "FREEPORT HOOK." You get your money back, if you don't like it. Made in two styles—Frog, treble-hook, and Minnow, single-hook, and three sizes; No. 1, Bass; No. 2, Pike; No. 3, Muskallonge and Pickerel. "Follow the Dutchman."

LOUIS BIERSACH, THE FREEPORT HOOK
Block V 32 Freeport, Ill.

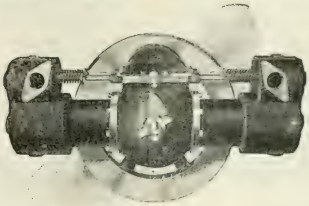


HIGH-GRADE
Gasoline Launches
From $175.00 up.
Rowboats and Canoes.
H. E. GIDLEY & CO.
DEPT. R
PENETANGUISHENE, ONT., CANADA

AUTO BOAT AND AUTO MOTORS

10--12 H.P.
18--20 H.P.

Four Cycle
Double Cylinder

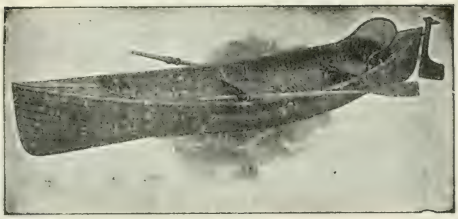


Agents Wanted.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Send for Prices and Circulars.

THE BEILFUSS MOTOR CO., LANSING, MICH., U.S.A.

Canoes, Skiffs AND Launches

Get a "PETERBOROUGH" and you have the best. Our Canoes are not confined to one or two models. We build boats of all shapes and sizes and can supply either flat or round bottomed canoes as desired. In the canoe world the name "PETERBOROUGH" stands for the best that is made and we are prepared to stand behind the name. We have all grades and our prices are right.



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Peterborough Canoe Co., Limited, Peterborough, Canada

ROSS CANOES

THE ACME OF PERFECTION.

Safe, Staunch and Reliable. **The Canoe for the long trip.**

Our 1908 models of prospecting and pleasure canoes are now ready for delivery. A large stock to choose from which will satisfy the purchaser under all conditions. Don't fail to send for catalogue.

The J. H. Ross Canoe Co.

ORILLIA, ONT.

Electric Pocket Lights.

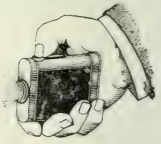
JUST the thing for use in the Camp, Motor Boat, Automobile. Instantaneous light, no danger of fire around gasoline. **Simple--any child can use them.**

New Wonder Flashlights.

Best suited for general use around house or camp, long life of battery, good light. Size 6 in. x 1½ in. **Price complete $1.25. Renewal Battery 25c. Postage 15c.**

Vest Pocket Flashlights

Especially designed for pocket or ladies hand bag, very handy anywhere for light, when required but a few minutes. Size 4 x 2½ x 1. **Price $1.00. Postage 15c.**



Renewal Battery 35c.

No. 1 Flashlights.

Especially adapted for motor boats, auto, night watchmen, policeman or anywhere where a long light is required. Size 8 in. x 1¾ in. **Price complete $1.50.**

Renewal battery 35c. Postage 20c.

Don't go to spend your summer vacation without one, you will want it. Send for our circulars. Ignition Batteries for Autos, Launches, Coils, Plugs, etc.

Discount to Dealers.

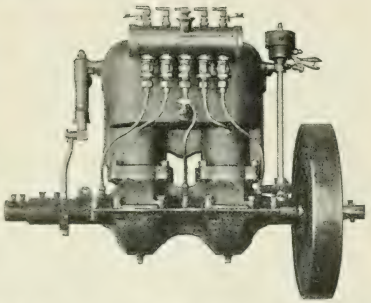
THE CANADIAN ELECTRIC NOVELTY CO.

Phone Coll. 1786. **334 Spadina Ave., TORONTO, ONT.**

Waterman Marine Motors

Unsurpassed for simplicity, reliability, durability. Few parts. Easily understood and most reasonable in cost.

Model A



2 cylinder—2 cycle; built with the cylinders and head in one piece; no joints to leak. Cylinders quickly removeable. Ignition is jump spark with vibrator on spark coil and spark plug. Small plunger pump insures perfect circulation of water in cylinder—can be fitted to use as bilge pump. Can be reversed instantly while running, and runs with equal power in either direction. Equipped with rotary timer and multiple sight feed oiler. Thoroughly solves the problem of economical power for motor boats.

6 h.p. 150 pounds. 10 h.p. 200 pounds.

The best motor ever built, quality, price and equipment considered. "From start to finish" this Waterman Model X is a motor that will give the service expected every time, and the user will escape the many annoyances and troubles and disappointments so common to gasoline marine motors. This is because of the correctness of the scientific principal it embodies: the exceeding simplicity; it is easily understood by even the inexperienced motorist: there are so few parts: there is nothing to get out of order; and it is constructed from the very best materials, by thoroughly skilled mechanics, and every one is fully and specifically tested before shipment. Send for Catalogue and full descriptive matter, it pays to be on the right side.

CANOE MOTORS The Waterman Canoe Motor is unapproachable in its extreme simplicity, strength of construction, and certainty to deliver the power required. We make them in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders, and ship complete, ready for installation. If you have a Canoe send for our Catalog.

OUTBOARD MOTOR We have the only successful Outboard Motor on the market, a little 2 h.p. (40 lbs.) motor that you can attach to the stern post of your boat in 5 minutes, without any tools. Can be detached just as quickly. Giving satisfaction everywhere. Attached to row boats, dories, sail boats, etc. Just read the article in this magazine (written by one who has no connection with us), describing a trip through the wilds of Northern Ontario with one of our Outboard Motors.

But send for the Catalog. We urge you to investigate the Waterman Marine Motors. You don't buy a motor every day—you don't want to pay for mistakes. A Waterman Motor will not disappoint you.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.

1531 FORT STREET WEST, DETROIT, MICH.

The Six Best Roads To Sport

THE finest hunting, fishing, camping and canoeing country in six provinces is served by the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System. To the real sportsmen—the elect of Rod and Gun—they offer the shortest routes to the undisturbed haunts of the untamed. No long, heavy, tiresome, and tardy portages, but a quick, comfortable, time-saving journey from civilization to the wilds. Take a map of the system: any experienced and well-travelled hunter or fisherman will assure you that there is no finer fishing, hunting, camping or canoeing country in the Dominion than that adjacent to these six roads.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

Here are a few suggestions about territories, culled from "ROADS TO SPORT", the best hunter's and Angler's guide published in Canada. Free copy on request.

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MANITOBA. The Riding and Duck Mountain, the Porcupine Forest reserves and game resorts around Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Dauphin.

SASKATCHEWAN. The woodlands, rivers and lakes to the north of the Saskatchewan Valley.

ALBERTA. All the country that makes Edmonton famous as the largest fur-trading centre in Canada; including the Valley of the Athabasca and the streams that come down from the Rocky Mountains.

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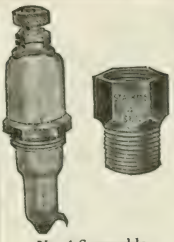

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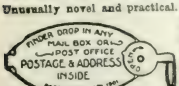

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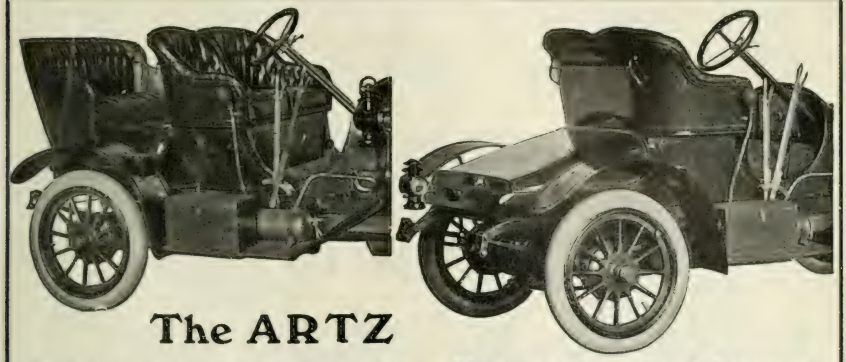

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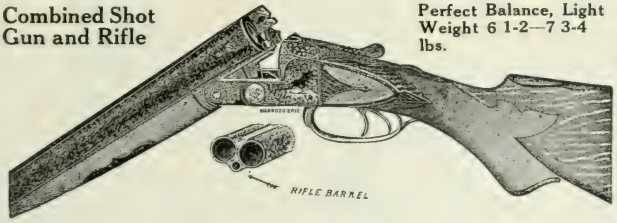

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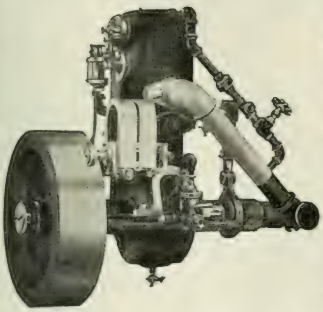

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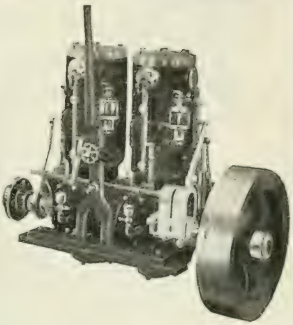

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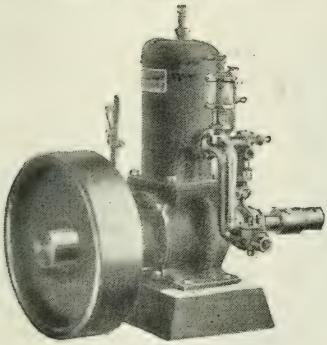

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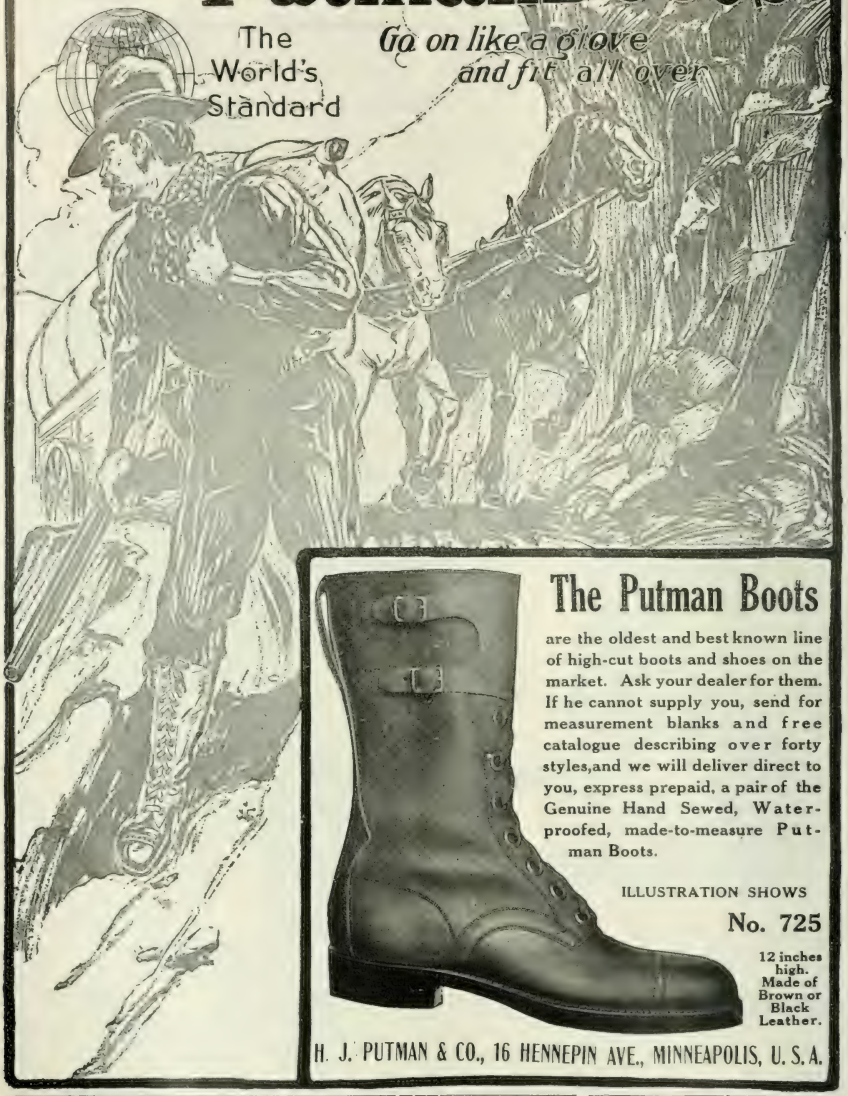

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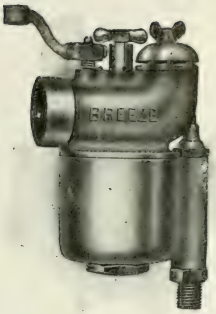

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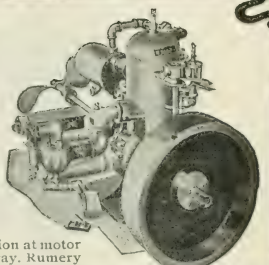

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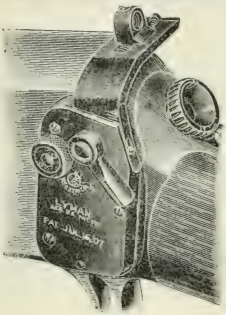

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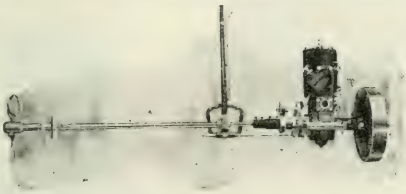

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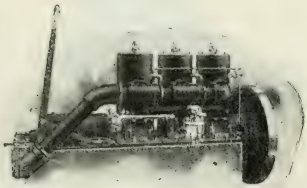

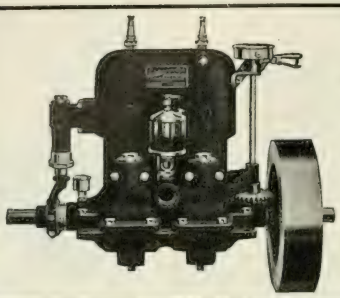

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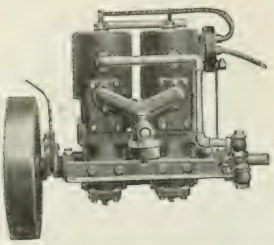

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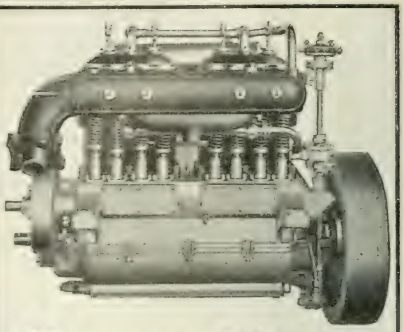

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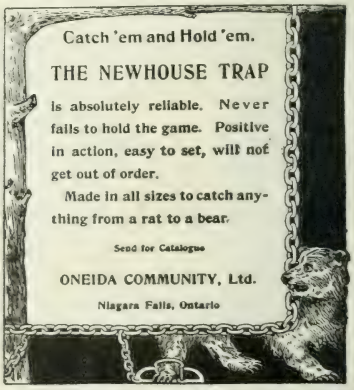
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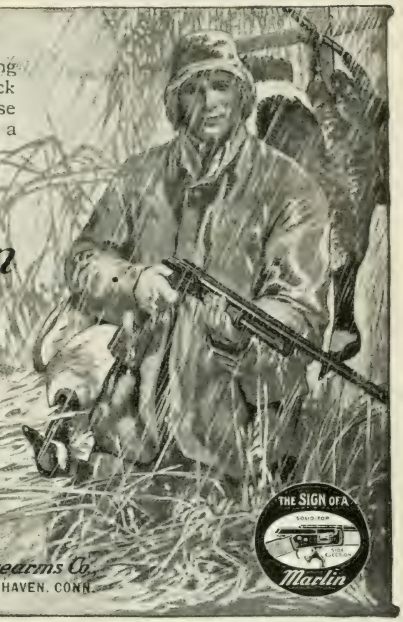

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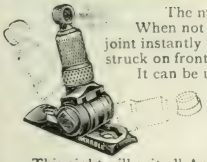

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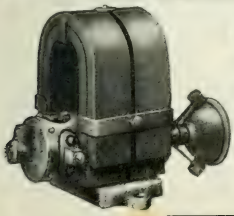

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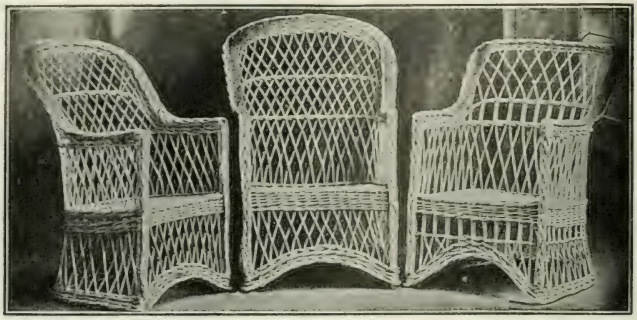

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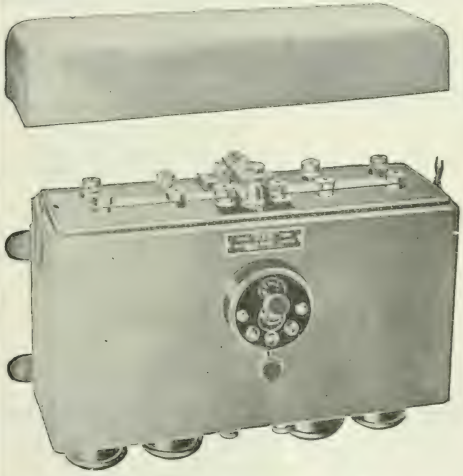

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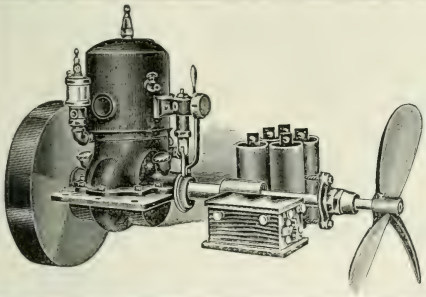

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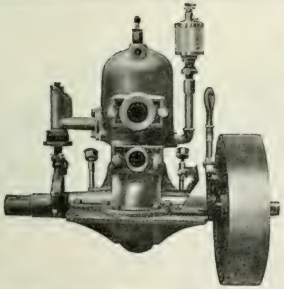

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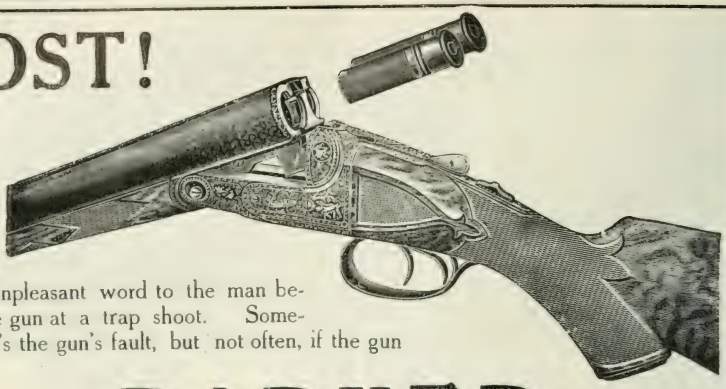

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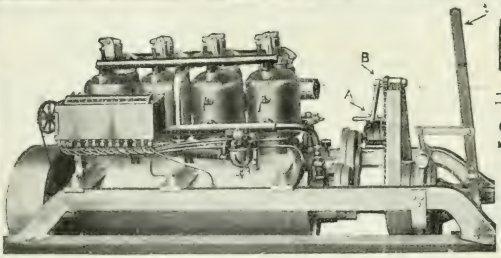

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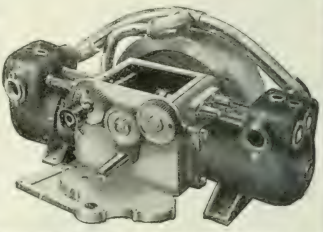

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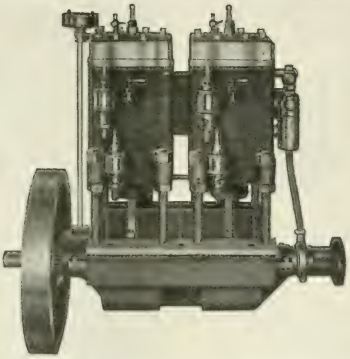

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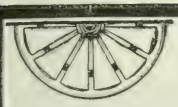

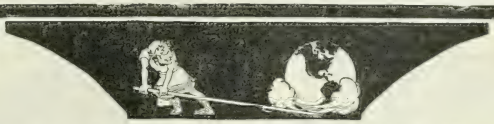

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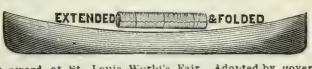

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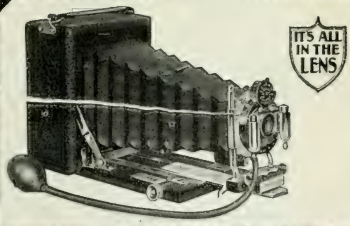

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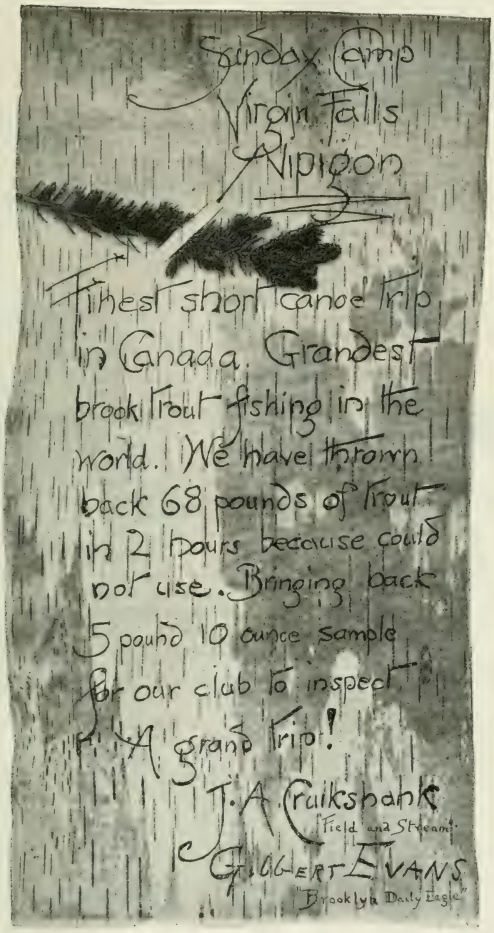
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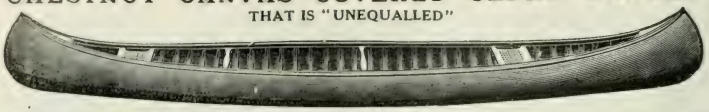

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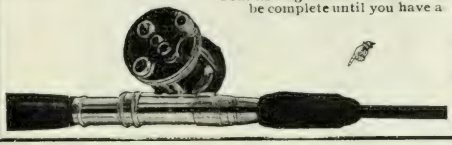

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VOL. X No. 4

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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Issued Monthly. Subscription Price : Canada $1.00 per annum, postpaid.
Single Copies 15c. United States $1.50 per annum, postpaid.

Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publicaiton, however.

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BRANCH OFFICES : 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont. 13 St. John St., Montreal, Que.
Outer Temple, 223-225 Strand, London, W.C., Eng. 5 Beekman St., Temple Court, New York, N.Y.

Entered Feb. 17, 1908, at the Post Office at Buffalo, N.Y., as second-class matter under act of March 3, 1908

ON THE NORTH RIVER, EN ROUTE ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK TO LAKE OF BAYS—GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

ROD AND GUN
AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. 10 SEPTEMBER 1908 NO. 4

How I Helped to Make a Railway.

BY H. A. N.

A warm bright day in early June saw me at the Railway Station from which the surveying party that I was to join as chainman was to start.

I walked up and down the platform watching the crowds and soon saw some of the boys who were to be my companions for the next nine months. We naturally got together and had lots to say to each other, all being young and in good spirits, and some of us "going in" for the first time.

The chief was hurrying about from one to another, making sure that all were on hand and seeing to the instruments, provisions, luggage and all the various things necessary to equip a party of twenty for so many months in the distant wilds, literally "back of beyond"

The big piles of "turkeys" or dunnage bags on the tracks were very interesting to me ; some of them were old and dirty, and others, like my own, were most painfully new and clean, but that would soon be remedied.

MOVING CAMP WAS RATHER A SERIOUS BUSINESS.

Before very long we were all aboard and off for parts unknown. The next day we were dropped off at a little station, with only two houses, and went a mile up the track to where our first camp was pitched. Here we had supper, and all tumbled into the big tent, and slept, as we could find room, rolled in our blankets.

Next day after dinner of bacon and dried potatoes and tea we loaded the canoes and started. We had seven big Peterboro' canoes about sixteen feet long, broad and deep in proportion, a heavy enough load, even for two men, to carry over some places.

For a couple of hours we paddled up a small creek, very winding and narrow, with scarcely room for a canoe to pass, owing to the thick growth of weeds and rushes. Then we crossed a small lake and came to our first portage, a very short one, luckily, as it was very rough and we were new at the work.

Another short paddle brought us to the

next portage which was over steep clay banks with fallen trees across the trail, making it a tiresome job to carry the tents, bags and grub. Then rain came on, so we hastily pitched the tents, got supper, and turned in. Next day, being Sunday, we brought the canoes over and floated round in them fishing for pike and pickerel, which were so keen to be caught, they would almost jump at a bare hook.

Monday morning we were up at four o'clock, soon finished breakfast, and started for a long paddle of twenty miles against a north wind, which made such waves that we were all soaked through. We landed late in the afternoon, and though we were all tired out, the chief insisted upon our starting the portage, which is said to be five miles, but is really seven or more.

First came a mile and a half of swamp, where we had to wade knee deep in water with ooze soakng through and working over boots and socks. Now and then we stooped down and drank the water we were wading through, fortunately suffering no bad effects.

Here two of the fellows, who were carrying bags of sugar slipped off the logs and fell in up to their waists. Another carrying sugar on a second trip that evening got so disgusted that he dropped it into the water and left it till morning when it was good and wet and weighed twice as mnch, and his coat was covered with icing for weeks after.

The chief himself came to grief, slipping into a nice deep mud hole, where he stack up to his waist, and had to wait till he was helped out. The rest of the portage was dry land, with logs to jump sometimes, and in one place very steep rocks to climb over.

There was at the highest point, always a breeze blowing and we had a most glorious view of the country for many miles, showing the winding of the river among the dense woods and the shimmer of a little lake.

It took a week to make the whole portage; the work was just "pack," "pack," "pack," till my shoulders were sore and feet ditto, with jumping from log to log, carrying a pack of from fifty to one hundred pounds on my back supported by a "tump line" which passed over my head. A few weeks later when moving camp we could pack a hundred and ten pound load six miles and think little of it.

During this week's portage we had our first taste of black flies and mosquitoes, or rather to be strictly correct, they had their first taste of us, and seemed to enjoy the flavor, for we had them constantly after this till the beginning of September. The black flies are very small and make no noise, but quietly bite a piece out of one's "fair flesh;" that gives no pain, but leaves one's face and neck streaming with blood ; the mosquitoes are a fine breed, they charge down upon you and have their "stingers" in before their feet touch you—and you know it, for they leave big lumps which itch and sting for days. Some of them sing and some do not, but there's not much to choose between them.

Another torment is the tiny sand fly, the size of a very small pin's head ; its bite is just like a hot spark lighting on the flesh ; and last, but not least, is the deer fly, which is very much like a big horse fly. It gives a sharp bite; almost like a wasp's sting and seems to leave no poison behind. At night we made smudges of birch bark and moss preferring the chance of suffocation to being eaten alive.

While we were camped on the long portage, some of the boys went ahead to the lake for a swim and saw a big moose; shot at it twice but it got away from them though wounded, their rifle being not of heavy enough calibre for big game so we had no venison for Sunday dinner.

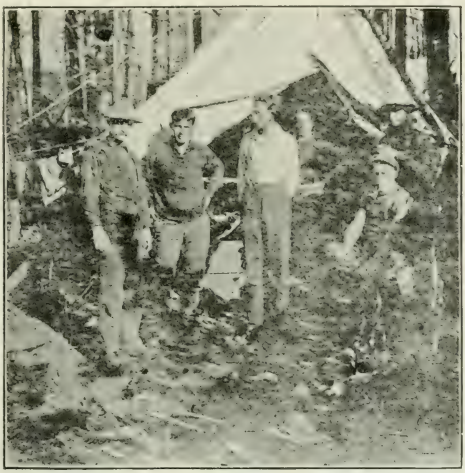
We left this horrible five mile portage behind at last, all convinced that it was seven miles at least and got into our canoes again much to our delight, and paddled twenty miles along the lake to the next portage.

Our order of going was this :— The Indian guides went in the fisrt canoe, then came the largest of the others (nicknamed the Great Eastern) in which I had my place ; then the other six, one after the other. Each crew had orders not to lose sight of the canoe in front of it ; this was easy enough on the lake, but not so easy going down the small streams with their many sudden turns.

I say "down" for by this time all the streams were running the "wrong way" —north instead of south, and flowing into Hudson Bay.

Another portage passed, in which my ink bottle got spilt among my clothes.

Dunnage bags are rather hard on one's clothes for several reasons, though they are the most convenient kind of trunk to carry. Just here I might say that most of the boys were very suitably dressed for the sort of life we were to lead ; some of us had rather too many things and some had too few, but all got pretty even before many months had passed. One young fellow came in looking as if he had just come from a summer resort, and for a time he even appeared on Sunday with a white collar, but he did not keep that up long, and by degrees he sold or traded his clothes with the different boys until he had about the best outfit of the party. It is astonishing how few things one can do with, in the hot weather especially, so long as he has lots of socks, and good thick ones too.



THE CHIEF AND HIS TENT.

Another stiff paddle brought us to a steep, swift rapid, very short and soon over, but exciting enough while it lasted. The Indian's canoe and the mail canoe were too light to stand it, so they were portaged, and the Indians ran the rapids in each of the others in turn. This was my first experience of running a rapid and my heart went into my throat as our canoe began to go faster aud faster, and we went down the first of what looked like three huge waves. Shooting up into the air off the first and landing with a crash on the top of the second, that made the canoe tremble and sent up sheets of spray ; down we went, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were in the chopping waves at the foot of the rapid, and were soon ashore waiting for the others, and getting the rest of the load carried over, for the canoes had to be lightened of about half their load to let them go down.

Three days more of paddling, in which we ran many rapids and had a number of short portages, brought us to "The Luie" where our actual work began.

Here a "cache" had been built :—a little log house where two men were in charge of supplies stored there for the use of the parties as they needed them.

Having settled our camp, we made a "flying camp" three miles east, taking only our blanket and diaries, and two miles beyond that the Chief put in his "hub" at "zero," this being the starting point of the line in our District.

Some of our party did not like the situation of our flying camp, for quite near us was a lonely grave, beside a little stream, which made us all realize how far from home we were and recalled the couplet in Mrs. Heman's "Graves of a Household :"

"One neath the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest.
Far in the cedar's shade"

The grave was marked with a wooden cross and around it was a sort of fence, made of the ribs of his canoe, for the poor fellow had been drowned crossing a small lake, taking dinner to the men out

on the line, as he was cookee of the party. This was about a year before, and his mates buried him here wrapped in the birch bark of which the canoe was made ; a fitting coffin for a Canadian Voyageur.

From this we worked west, day after day and week after week, in rain and shine ; through heat and flies and frost and snow, and other drawbacks such as wasps, which were very numerous and attentive. What these insects live on it is hard to say, for there are no flowers nor fruits and not enough human beings to make it worth while for them to wai there for the pleasure of stinging those who do venture to visit those regions.

OUR BIG CANOES.

As we worked each day the axemen went ahead and cut down trees on line. Then came the transit, level and chain, with the men in charge of them. Tom and I chained and we had to go straight ahead through everything and over everything, no matter what was in the way. Sometimes it was moss, deep and soaking wet, in which we would sink to knees or waist : sometimes cedar-swamp, so thick we couldn't see three feet ahead ; or again, we would have to cross a little river with perpendicular rocky banks, and down one side, one of us would go and drag the chain through three feet of water, and up the other side, hanging on by toes and fingers the best way he could, the other following when the distance was marked.

One day there was quite an excitement; for an axeman, who was cutting a "bench-mark," got his foot badly cut by the axe glancing off the tree. A tourniquet was quickly made to stop the bleeding and then we took turns carrying him about three miles to camp on our backs with a tump line, like a bag of flour, a pretty heavy load, but not half as bad as carrying a canoe.

If it were not for accidents that happen, there would be hardly any need of the medicine chest, which is always a feature of the party's outfit, for nobody is ever ill, in spite of the exposure, wet feet and bad water.

One day we moved camp three miles and in making my second trip with two dunnage bags on my back I stepped straight into a wasps' nest which was in the middle of the trail ; this naturally infuriated the little pests and I got seven stings and felt lucky to get off with no more.

Moving camp was rather a serious business; everything was packed the night before, except our blankets and early next morning they were rolled up, tents struck and packed and after a hasty breakfast the move began. Our moves were from three to seven miles and necessitated two trips for all hands and three for some ; and when over three miles they occupied two days.

Each man was supposed to take a fair load up to one hundred pounds or a little over, according to the kind of thing he had to carry ; if it happened to be dish-pans and kitchen stuff we only wanted about ten pounds and thought that bad enough, for one hundred pounds of flour was really an easier load. Our cook was a man with a long head : he staggered along with his burden like the others and sat down occasionally to rest when the

others did, but once when we all took up our loads after a rest he seemed to have trouble in getting his on his back, so I put out my hand to help him and found that his pack was very light and it turned out that it was merely his eider-down sleeping bag rolled up loosely so as to look bulky, and the whole thing weighed about fifteen pounds; a fellow that shirks his fair share of the work never gains by it in the end. The cook tent was always the first up, as it served for dining room, and we were more than ready for dinner about six o'clock, after a hard day's work and a light lunch at noon.

One day in returning to camp from our day's work we had to cross a rapid stream, known as the Skunk River. It was forty feet wide; the water clear and sparkling and the banks steep and well wooded, making a charming bit of scenery. We felled a small tree so that the upper end rested on a rock in the middle of the stream, and from there to the other side another small tree completed the bridge which provided rather uncertain footing as it rolled slightly and sprung as we stepped on it, one at a time. It was in the middle of a series of falls and on the brink of one of them, where the slightest slip would have been fatal; but we all crossed safely, including three dogs which followed us everywhere, and we had a good scramble up the opposite bank to gain the top.

PACKING OUR STOVE.

One night, just as we got into camp, a man came running in from the opposite side shouting "Bush fire; we need men," so out we went. My feet were very tired but I "followed the merry crowd" and we found the fire about a mile and a half west, with a wind blowing from that direction straight to the camp.

The fire was started by some of the boys who had gone ahead to clear a trail, burning a wasp's nest. They put the fire out all right, but a spark must have blown to one side, for the woods took fire and went like tinder. The flames leaped with a roar from tree to tree and spread very quickly. All we could do was to cut down the trees and beat out the flames to keep it from spreading. One of the boys got nearly killed by a falling tree. Then when at last it was under control we dare not leave it, so a few stayed to watch it while the rest of us got our supper, after which Bill and I went back to watch all night, taking a shovel and a pail of provisions, and my rifle with which to give an alarm if we needed help. All through the night we watched and dug a trench to prevent the fire running along the ground in the bed of dry moss and black muck. At seven in the morning we were relieved and joyfully returned to camp to a good breakfast and to bed for a long sleep.

The work was much the same, week after week and month after month, but as the autumn came on and the days were shorter we were glad to spend our evenings in the tent and keep up fires just outside the tent doors; we generally used logs about twelve feet long and they would keep burning most of the night. We used to sit round and sing songs, tell stories or play cards or chess till it was time to turn in.

A little later in the season we were

provided with large square tents, instead of the small bell tents we had been using through the summer. There were six fellows in each tent and the furniture consisted of a small stove and its pile of wood ; our beds, which were piles of nicely laid spruce boughs covered with tarpaulins and blankets ; our dunnage bags ; the wash-stand—(a cedar board supported on stakes) with two tin wash basins ; and an improvised close horse, with light bars, near the stove, which was adorned every night with socks getting dry for the next day. Each fellow wore about five pairs under his moccasins in the winter, so they made a goodly array to hang up.

The best thing to sleep in, is a blanket that the Indians make of rabbit skins ; it is very warm and yet light. They cut the skins into strips about three-quarters of an inch wide and as these dry they curl up so that the skin is not seen and the fur is on each side. The strips are then interwoven and make a most comfortable blanket ; it looks like a smooth piece of fur, but it is so loosely woven that you can put your fingers through it anywhere and it is very pretty ; the only drawback being that the hairs come off on your clothes, but that does not matter much.

It was cold work washing those winter mornings, and very cold holding the chain out on the line, when the mercury dropped to twenty-five and fifty below zero ; still the work went on through snow and ice and we had got far to the west of our section when I met with an accident and was not able to work any more, but had to wait for the next mail to get out.

This was some weeks later, for the distance out to the Railway was two hundred miles and the trail had long been too much frozen for canoes and not firm enough for the dog-teams used in winter; but one fine day the two mail men arrived on show shoes with their two toboggans each drawn by five dogs and loaded with letters, papers and parcels for all the crowd who eagerly gathered at the chief's tent to get news from home and friends, and find out what had been taking place In the world from which we had been so completely cut off since the last mail, two months before.

After resting at the camp a few days the mail-men packed their toboggans with letters and packages and harnessed the dogs ready for the return trip, so I gathered up the few things I had left, for I had sold or given away everything I did not need to take out, said good bye to all the fellows and started off for our long tramp in to the Railway.

I walked eighty-five weary miles before getting a chance to get snow-shoes ; then we came to a Hudson Bay Post where I bought a pair, and after that it was easier to get on, though in some places, where we had to cross lakes there was deep slush over thin ice, which made the walking hard ; several times our snowshoes went through the ice. One lake that we expected to walk over we found to be open water, so we had to camp and send back to the nearest trading post for canoes. There seem to be warm springs in some of these lakes which keep them from freezing over until late in the winter, notwithstanding the extremely low temperature.

Our journey occupied eight days, resting at the Trading Post one day, and another day walking only five miles owing to the difficulties of the trail. When at last we heard a distant whistle, it sounded like music in my ears, for I recognized the screech of a locomotive. But we walked eighteen miles more before we reached the station, for the air was so still that the sound travelled a great distance.

It was good to step on to the next train that came along and see all the people and get a square meal at the dining-car and feel that I was speeding towards home, where in due time I arrived and was warmly welcomed.

I found my experiences on my return very pleasant, much as I had enjoyed the life in the wilds for after all "East, West, Home's best."

A Mighty Hunter and His Dogs.

THREE hundred bears, seventy-five cougars and lynx and hundreds of small fur bearing animals have fallen before Tom Hopper's rifle and his pack of fox hounds, and it is conceded by sportsmen that the veteran frontiers man and pioneer has killed more big game during the last quarter of a century than any other man in the Pacific North West. Hopper's home is at 215 Colfax Steeet, Spokane, Wash., but he passes most of his time in the hills in eastern Washington, northern Idaho and south eastern British Columbia, where he has camps for the entertainment of his friends on big game expeditions.

Hopper is arranging to make a trip into the mountains next fall, when he will be accompanied by sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Spokane. They will take with them the pack of hounds, shown in the accompanying photograph, taken by Frank Palmer. The dogs are, reading from top right to left :

TOM HOPPER AND HIS FOX HOUNDS.

Local Option, Spotty, two years old; Kentucky, fox hound, registered and pedigreed, got fine bear on a recent trip up the St. Marie's River in northern Idaho ; Pete, half bred Airedale and fox hound, five years old, shows scars of encounters with bruin ; Grover, Jack, Shamrock, Bridget and Jumbo, half breed greyhound and half stag hound.

A Manitoban Collection of Native Wild Fowl.

BY R M. MATHESON.

WILD FOWL AT EXHIBITION PARK, BRANDON, MAN. SNOW AND WHITEFRONTED GEESE AND MALLARD DUCKS.

THE Western Agricultural and Arts Association, of Manitoba, under whose management is held the great inter-Provincial fair at Brandon, have acquired a park of considerable dimensions for use as fair grounds. The park, it has been determined to make of service all the year round, and for that purpose a collection of native wild fowl has been secured and is proving of interest not merely to the people of the neighborhood but also to the Province and even the Dominion

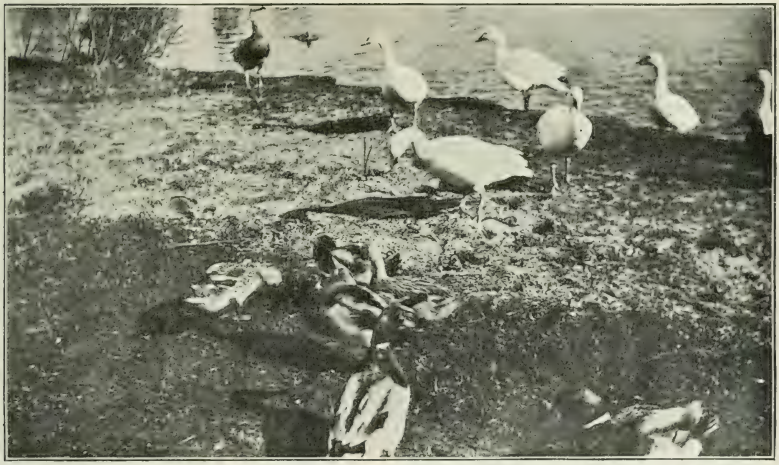
At present the collection includes twenty-eight wild geese, comprising five different varieties, namely : Canada, Hutchins, Snow, Whitefronted, and Barnacle. The latter variety are rare, and the possession of a fine pair by the Association is due to the generosity of Dr. Tomalin, of Deloraine.

In the spring of last year a trio of mallard ducks were imported from Ontario. They have made themselves so much at home in the park and proved so prolific that today the Association possesses a couple of dozen real beauties. At present they have only four kinds of wild ducks, viz.: Mallard, Pin-tail, Black and Shoveller, though with the interest aroused they hope to have at least a dozen different kinds before the summer has passed. The mallards are strongly in evidence and at the time of writing are laying eggs with an industry that promises to increase the duck population of the park very considerably.

The committee in charge are enthusiastic bird men and are working with a will to make the collection the most interesting from a naturalist's point of view, to be found on the continent.

They are much encouraged by the success accomplished in the two short years during which time the work has been in progress and they aim at nothing less than a representative of every variety of wild geese to be found in Canada.

WILD FOWL AT EXHIBITION PARK BRANDON, MAN. BARNACLE, SNOW AND CANADA GEESE WITH MALLARD DUCKS AND AUSTRALIAN SWAN IN THE FOREGROUND.



WILD FOWL AT EXHIBITION PARK, BRANDON, MAN. BARNACLE AND SNOW GEESE AND MALLARD DUCKS.

All the geese and ducks are happily settled on a small lakelet within the Exhibition Park and the lakelet is one of the greatest attractions of the locality.

A fine pair of Canada geese have taken possession of a tiny islet and have set up house keeping. A full brood of goslings were brought out and these are now enjoying life on the lake.

The work of collecting, propagating and exhibiting has proved of great interest in all its phases and with the increase in the collection will come wider interest still. The members of the Association are to be highly commended for the public spirit thus shown.

It's Not All of Hunting to Hunt.

BY PEN.

THE above caption is sufficiently trite, and my only excuse for using it, is that when you have finished reading this you will retain the impression that I thoroughly enjoyed myself, notwithstanding the results.

Jim had said "bring your hip boots," so I knew we would go to some damp places where congregate snipe, and other things. We were going to Lawrencetown and later, Cole Harbour, and the description of the quantity of game that could be brought to grass, or water, as the case happened, partook of autumn sunsets, and gave me blissful dreams of frequent 'doubles' with never a miss.

The four of us started with a good natured horse, the day glorious, our hopes high, the bait bottle—that is, the ammunition bottle, full, and the best of spirits. Two of us only were of the sex that shoots; the others just came along. We passed heaps of landscapes worthy of notice, and when I would mention it to Jim, he would look at me vaguely and murmur "yes, oh yes," and then return his gaze to its original object. You see Jim hadn't been married long enough to take much interest in a brilliant spot of red foliage against the blue background of a sunny lake. His wife was one of those "that just came along," and my remarks were merely vacuous attempts to show that I was entirely absorbed in casual red spots against blue backgrounds and was totally oblivous of an entertaining conversation which was "Cherokee" to me. I know they were appreciative, because they never once broke in on my absorption.

My partner, as it were, and I, were not very brilliant to each other after she had asked me if they "picked cranberries from that kind of tree," pointing to a large oak. As the novelists say, I withdrew within myself.

We arrived in sight of Bill's house in a few hours and were cheered by a sight of Bill silhouetted against the sky, pulling on a shirt. I wondered if he knew we were coming. He came off the silhouette to greet us heartily, and observed we "should have started earlier." I knew then that no matter how well or ill he was versed in shootcraft, he knew lots about horsecraft. I solemnly shook hands with him, and helped carry our impedimenta into the house. There his wife made the ladies welcome and comfortable, while we prepared to go on the marsh at once.

We went. When we arrived at the edge of where I thought we were going to take a long farewell of each other, Jim halted and said, "Look here Bill, my friend has never been here before and don't know what we can put up in the way of a snipe game. Now, I want you to give him the best shots and take him to the best places." Then, turning to me he said, "that marsh right in front of you has snipe in it, not by hundreds old man, but by thousands — thousands : Never saw anything like it in my life !"

It was kind of Jim to so instruct Bill, but between the grateful appreciation of his friendship, induced by the instructions, and the exhilaration of anticipation induced by his remarks to me, there was a nervous, indefinable feeling of distress and disappointment, induced by the fact that I had brought less than a hundred cartridges. True, the load I already carried caused me to walk bow-legged and round shouldered ; but thousands of snipe ! and a poor day for them too. I'll know better next time, I thought, and I do !

Bill put in the spaniel and we started to follow. I was instructed to carefully step crosswise on the reeds and rushes, which I did for fourteen steps, then as there were no more reeds and rushes, and I was looking for thousands of snipe, I just stepped. I was about to tell Jim where to find my insurance policy when I struck bottom. Bill told me that wasn't the right way to go, so I didn't go that way any more. I was glad I had brought my hip boots, for they really are picturesque. Besides, when the water in them gets warmed up by the feet, one

don't mind the rest of the marsh trying to get in.

The smell of that part of the marsh stirred up by me was awful ; but your true hunter doesn't mind even that, so I trudged on, keeping a keen eye on the alert for thousands of snipe. Once I saw the dog passing an opening with his stump of a tail wiggling violently, and then I was sure he had struck a scent too. I at once felt the usual pleasant anticipatory excitement and stepped into another mess of something, nearly biting through my tongue when I touched bottom.

I should here describe the beauties of the low lying landscape, the tall reeds and rushes reflected in the stilly waters, but, when they at last dragged me out on a piece of spongy something that passed current for land, I didn't notice them. I asked, as calmly as my short breath would allow, if any birds had escaped, but they did not answer.

Finally, Bill said he was sure they were feeding "over there" and as I was to have the best places, he said "come on." I shut my teeth down hard, put a handful of water and stuff from my pocket back into the marsh, and went. The next half hour I won't have to try to remember. I put in some pretty hard work and I am glad that no snipe saw me. Even if it is only a snipe, I should like to retain its respect. I saw nothing but visions of rest, and oh, how sweet they were ! We held a consultation at the end of the half hour, and I persuaded my friends, that through psyschic force, the birds were made aware of my coming, and had promptly gone to Labrador or Texas. "Then," said Bill, "we'll try the ducks ; I'll show you sport there."

I braced right up with new life. I couldn't take a long breath because I didn't like the smell, but we soon got out of that.

Arriving at the house we made some changes and one of us took a lingering farewell. In the course of time we reached the shore of a vast harbour, dotted with islands of reeds or alders and seeming to extend to the horizon. An immense stillness surrounded us, and the only movement was the glittering flash of the setting sun on the sides of myriads of small fish darting about the surface of the waters.

Bill rowed the punt til lmy back began to ache, and I wondered why he didn't take a short cut, for he was curving about in the most erratic manner. He told me later he was following the channel. I believed him because I still had a lot of confidence in Bill. But I didn't see any channel.

Eventually he came to some real land where grew a row of alders. "There," he said, "is the best place to shoot on the harbour, and I'm going to put you there. I'll put out the decoys and you get behind that bush. We'll go over there, and come back after it gets too dark to shoot. Just let the ducks you kill lay around and we'll gather 'em up when we get here."

They put out five wooden ducks tied to a string, and then disappeared in the distance behind the reeds.

I made myself as comfortable as I could, crouching low behind the alder bush, lit a pipe and watched. My gun was ready to instantly pop over any misguided fowl that came my way, and I began to dream again of doubles and huge game birds. I remained in this position about half an hour, one leg gone asleep and the other accumulating a varied assortment of cramps. I won't say anything about what I thought of the mosquitoes, because the editor wouldn't print it. I arose with a deep groan, and the result raised my hair clear through my cap. The most startling slaps and splashes rang out on the still air, produced by numbers of muskrats feeding along the edge of the water.

I said some 'things' to them and crouched some more. I remained in this position till it was too dark to see the decoys, about twenty yards off, and rose wearily, this time with a sigh. I leaned on the gun and wondered if the ducks by any chance had intercepted that psychic message to the snipe, and had likewise gone to Labrador or Texas, when, on my honor, I heard, coming from clear across the other side of the water, a chorus of quacks, for all the world like a decisive laugh.

A few minutes later Jim and Bill returned with the dog, the latter promptly gobbling my only sandwich, left by me on a hummock for safe keeping.

They had no ducks : hadn't seen any, and didn't understand it. Bill remarked that one of us was a Jonah, and looked at me suspiciously. I disclaimed any affinity with that maligned prophet, and assured him that I had often seen heaps of ducks. But I did not tell him that it was in the market.

We returned through a black fog, and here Bill exhibited his great skill in piloting us to the exact point from which we departed.

We reached our own homes about midnight, satisfied with a pleasant outing, and agreed on the sentiment expressed in the heading of this article.

The Temple.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

ENTER the temple beautiful ! The house not made with hands !
Rain—washed and green, wind—swept and clean
Beneath the blue it stands,
And no Cathedral anywhere
Seemeth so holy, or so fair.

It hath no heavy gabled roof, no door with lock and key,
No window bars shut out the stars—
The aisles are wide and free—
Here through the night each altar light
Is just a moon-beam, silver—white.

Silently as the temple grew at Solomon's command,
Still as things seem within a dream
This rose from out the land :
And all the pillars, grey, and high,
Lifted their arches to the sky.

Here is the perfume of the leaves, the incense of the pines,—
The magic scent that hath been pent
Within the tangled vines :—
No censor filled with spices rare.
E'er swung such sweetness on the air.

And all the golden gloom of it holdeth no haunting fear,
For it is blessed and giveth rest
To those who enter here,—
Here in the evening —who can know
But God Himself walks to and fro.—

And music past all mastering within the chancel rings,—
None could desire a sweeter choir
Than this—that soars and sings,
Till far the scented shadows creep,—
And quiet darkness bringeth sleep.

Fishing Around Montreal.

THERE is hardly a city on the continent which is so advantageously situated for the angling enthusiast as Montreal. Not only may practically every game fish to be found in North America be caught within an hour or two's ride from the heart of the city, but all the more important varieties are to be found in such abundance as to attract to this region anglers from far and near. Within a day's journey east of Montreal, the clear streams that flow into the St. Lawrence provide in the early summer the finest salmon fishing in the world, and many of the wealthiest men in the United States make an annual pilgriminage thither to take part in the sport.

BASS FISHING, ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, IN THE OTTAWA RIVER.
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The superb Laurentian country immediately to the north of Montreal, with its innumerable lakes and creeks, is the home of almost every variety of trout, from the lovely little brook trout to the giant grey trout of the lakes. And all around Montreal the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, with their numerous tributaries, offers some of the finest coarse fishing that anyone could wish for.

Leaving aside the fishing to be had along the harbor front—where the riverside dwellers often get fair catches of pike and other fish—the most popular local fishing waters are undoubtedly those of Lake St. Louis. The fish to be caught there are the black bass, rock bass, pike, perch and dore. Of these the black bass is undoubtedly the favorite, for once hooked it will put up a fight that for sheer desperate energy is perhaps unequalled by any other fish of its weight—

'Makin' you sweat till you shirt is wet,
And sorry you're comin' dere,'

as the late Dr. Drummond says in one of his poems.

The black bass inhabits the open water along the south shore of the lake, and in particular around the mouth of the Chateauguay river, but many fishermen say that the Chateauguay river itself, above the village, is the best place to find bass at home. It can be caught by trolling with a spoon or artificial minnow, or with natural minnows, worms or grasshoppers. It will also take the artificial fly. The bass usually run from three-quarters of a pound up to two or three pounds in weight, and are sometimes four or even five pounds.

The yellow perch is almost always to be found in the neighborhood of bass, and may be taken at times in great quantities with worm or minnow. Isaac Walton used to think a great deal of the perch and with reason, for it is not only a good pan fish but in England it is a very vigorous fighter. The variety to be found in Canadian waters is more slender and while of the same color, namely yellow, with dark bars, is utterly lacking in the vim and fight of the English kind.

Still, a bit of perch fishing is not to be despised—especially when bass are not biting.

Swift, clear water over gravel or rock is the place to find the rock bass—a favorite with the youthful sportsman as it bites well. The rock bass is much smaller than the black variety. It is olive green with brassy tints, and sometimes confounded with that other favorite of the sporting youth— the sunfish or pumpkin-seed as some call it.

Trolling for pike with a spoon, or still-fishing with a small fish bait, in five or six feet of water, near weeds, provides good sport in various parts of the Chateauguay river and Lake St. Louis. The pike that are usually taken on a line vary from one pound and a half to four or five pounds, but they have been taken up to twenty or even thirty pounds in weight. Their growth is very rapid When one year old they are from eight to ten inches in length; 2 years, 12 to 15: 3 yrs. 18 to 25.

BASS FISHING ON ISLE PERROT, NEAR ANNE DE BELLEVUE
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

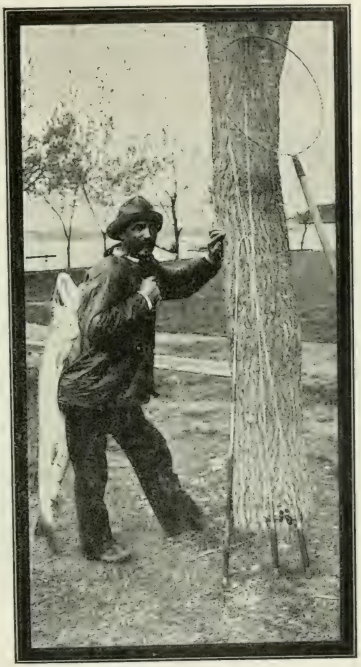
The dore feeds on the same food as the pike. That is to say it takes a little of everything and may therefore be caught with the same bait. Usually however the dore takes the bait at the bottom, but it will sometimes rise to the lure in shallow water. In appearance it is much like a large perch, with the same coloring and markings. It also has some resemblance in shape to the pike, and indeed it is often called pike-perch. In the United States it is called the wall-eyed pike, while the fish we know as the pike is called the pickerel. Dore usually run from two to six pounds in weight. It has a spinous fin on its back like a perch, and fishermen should be careful not to get their hands pricked with this, as it often causes blood-poisoning. It is an excellent food fish.

There is another kind of fishing to be had in Lake St. Louis that at one time provided most exciting sport, and that is fishing for the great lake sturgeon. This fish formerly abounded in the St. Lawrence, and is even now very far from being extinct in the local waters. It grows to as much as five or six feet long and one hundred and fifty pounds in weight. The writer last year saw a fish quite five feet in length jump out of the water on Lake St. Louis, and was told by one of the Caughnaway Indians that it was a sturgeon. This fish has a long snout, with a small sucking mouth underneath. It is primarily a bottom feeder, but small fishes constitute a not inconsiderable portion of its food.

The principal method of catching sturgeon is by spearing it. By this means, immense quantities have been taken in the shallow water at the foot of various rapids around Montreal. The best place to find sturgeon is at the famous fishing-place known as 'Le Buison,' above Beauharnois. The sturgeon gather in shoals at sunset in the shallow water extending from the rapids towards Ile Ronde, and are speared by the local fishermen, who are extremely expert in this art. The

sturgeon is sometimes, but not often, taken on a night-line baited with a bit of fat pork or other meat.

Talking of big fish brings one inevitably to the maskinonge fishing, which is better around Montreal, it is considered, than in any other place. The maskinonge which belongs to the pike family, but is much heavier and more voracious, is known as 'the prince of game fish' and also as 'the fresh water wolf.' Handsome, both in shape and color, its body seems formed in equal degree for strength and agility, and a bolder biter or more enduring fighter does not exist in all America's fresh water seas. This grand fish is almost exclusively taken with a spoon, or other artificial bait, and from its habit of lurking among or in the immediate vicinity of the weed beds, it is seldom taken in the nets by professional fishermen.



47½ LB MASKINGONGE CAUGHT NEAR ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The maskinonge is caught in most parts of the St. Lawrence river, but its favorite habitat seems to be in the vicinity of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, within twenty miles of the city. The maskinonge grounds lying something like seven miles below the village of Ste. Anne's, and within easy access of the latter, are believed to be the very best in Canadian waters. Last year the record fish taken at this place tipped the scales at fifty-seven pounds.

There are two other fish very frequently met with by the local angler, and these are the sucker, which most people can readily recognize, whether they are anglers or not. and the bull-pout, which many detest. Both these fish are to be found in almost every locality in the province. They are in the clear trout streams and lakes of the mountains, as well as in the ponds and lakes and more sluggish streams of the lowlands. The bull-pout is a particularly ugly fish with a green skin an extremely broad head, and a fleshy mouth, enormous in proportion to its body, and made still uglier by 'horns'. Nevertheless, many country people think a good deal of the bull-pout, for it can always be readily caught by bottom-fishing with almost any kind of bait, from worms, or a bit of liver to a piece of a tomato can. When it is skinned and cooked the flesh is very white and said to be extremely palatable. The 'habitants' are very fond of bull-pout, or barbotte, as they call it. They catch the fish by the bucketful and ask no better fare :

'Dere's some lak dory
an' some lak bass
An' plaintee dey
mus' have trout--
An' w'ite feesh too,
dere's quit a few
Not satisfy do wid-
out.
Very fon' of sucker,
some folks is too
But for me, you
can go and cut
De w'ole of deem t'roo w'at you call menu!
So long as I get barbotte—
He, ho ! for me it's de nice harbotte !'

Judging by the demeanor of the bull-pout when it is landed, it asks no greater happiness than to be canght. It does not roll over on its side and struggle, but lies quite still on its stomach, looking ridiculously contented as it turns its small silvery eyes up to the angler. There is

only one thing which it appears to like better than being caught, and that is for the angler to grasp it anywhere but behind the pectoral fins. These fins, which are each armed with a sharp spike, are held rigidly at right angles. While the angler is locating the hook, which is usually swallowed almost to the tail, the fish, as it slips about in the hands, often manages to run one of these spikes into the flesh. Then its happiness is complete, and its broad mouth seems actually to expand in a grin.

Coming back to the subject of fishing grounds, it may be said that the maskinonge is not the only fish to be caught at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. Perch, bass, dore and pike are very plentiful there. The Ottawa river, at Vaudreuil, which is close to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, is extremely picturesque, and is a favorite haunt of the anglers. The river here is studded with several hundred islands, offering around their shores many choice spots for fishing. At the point where the westerly branch of the Ottawa enters the St. Lawrence, about six miles below Vaudreuil, and about the same distance below Ste. Anne's, are the famous Cascade Rapids, in the neighborhood of which many a good string of fish has been taken. A favorite starting point for sportsmen is from the town of St. John's distant twenty-seven miles from Montreal. From this point the angler can go up or down the river, equally good sport awaiting him in either direction. Experienced guides food boats or canoes and all the requisites necessary for a fishing or hunting expedition can be secured in the town.

ONE DAY'S CATCH OF MASKINONGE 118 LBS. NEAR STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The principal fish that abound in the waters of the Richelieu are black bass, dore, pike and perch. Twenty-one miles south of St. Johns is Lake Champlain, and the inlet of the Richelieu river. Up the river, between St. Johns, Que., and Rouses Point, N.Y. there is capital pike, perch, and dore fishing, but one must go down the river, below St. Johns, for black bass, where good sport can be had in the rapids within a mile of the town. Farther down the Richilieu at Beloeil, twenty-one miles from Montreal by rail, the fishiug is fair, bass and pickerel being the species that are caught.

Very pretty sport is also to be obtained in the Richelieu by angling for a kind of white fish, very much like herrings in appearance, with grasshoppers sunk about three feet below the surface. These fish run from a half a pound to a pound and a half.

Other good fishing places are Brome Lake near Knowlton, famous for its large black bass, and Lake Memphremagog, partly in Quebec and partly in Vermont, and famous for large grey trout and pike, both of which may be caught by troiling with spoon bait or minnows.

The Back River, at Cartierville, cannot be recommended to the angler. At any rate, the writer's personal experience is that there are precious few fish to be caught there. Fairly good sport is to be had at times, however, farther along the Back River, at places like Ahuntsic, and Sault aux Recollet, while good strings of perch, bass or pike are

frequently brought back by those who know their way about the waters at the confluence of the rivers at Bout de I'le. The same holds good in relation to various points all down the St. Lawrence, on both sides as far as Lake St. Peter.

Perhaps the very best coarse fishing to be had anywhere within comparatively easy reach of Montreal, is by taking a trip down to Sorel. Below Sorel Lake St. Peter spreads out into immense shallow areas, the shore line being cut out into natural canals with five or six feet of water in them, and bordered with reeds —ideal places for fish. Conveyances can be hired to drive out to what are locally known as 'Les Chenals,' and the people living in the local houses—which, by the way, are built on stilts, because of the high water at times—are quite ready to act as guides to the fishing grounds. The angler in this district seldom has any one but himself to blame if he does not make a good catch of pike, bass, dore or perch. It may be added that the unattached fishermen usually goes farther down on both sides of the lake, most of the fishing in the vicinity of 'Les Chanels' being done by members of clubs.

Lake Superior

BY MISS SARA STAFFORD.

ROYAL Superior—greatest—best—
Boundless, nigh—from the East to West
"Hidden Sea" is the name it flaunts—
Deeper than mystry's deepest haunts.
Ever its billows are rolling o'er,
Priceless treasures—a kingly store ;
Ever its ceaseless undertow.
Summer winds from the meadows blow,
Searching each grove and caverned wall—
Spruces like sentinels, guard it all ;
Beautiful, now, in the noonday sun,
More so, still, when the day is done
And the shafts that proclaim the night,
Draw from its breast, the colors bright,
Ever its bosom undulates—
Ever on to the tortuous Straits ;
Siren-like is its moaning tide—
Tomb of all who have come—and died,
Merciless, cruel, yet grand, sublime,
Thus will it flow till the end of Time :

* * * * * *

Would that Nicolet might, once more,
Come from the past to thy smiling shore ;—
Or, Duluth see thy troubled brow—
Ah, that thy sponsors might see thee now !

Our Duck Hunt in New Territory.

BY SAGWA.

SIX o'clock one beautiful cool evening in the latter part of October, Doc., Daddy, Gib and I with our usual equipment of camping and hunting material were in readiness to pull out from our boathouse.

We had an eighteen foot launch, two canoes and 1907 pattern "Gib" duck boat, all loaded to the brim with supplies and calculated to last a fortnight—yes two of them. Doc. was our engineer, Daddy at the helm, Gib manager of the boats in tow and myself on the deck as supervisor.

"You know", says Doc, "we are not going to our old grounds at Feathergill, and I had intended meeting you at Jeanette's Landing on your way up. Seeing, however, that all will be new to you I made it a point to accompany you from the beginning."

All went well to the Bobcaygeon locks, where we found friends and spectators eager to see us and bid us bon voyage. We could not stop for lengthy conversations but passed the locks and proceeded on over the waters to Sturgeon Lake. Here we encountered a strong north-west wind with heavy seas and as darkness was impending our frivolity was silenced and we looked serious. It is not too much to say that individually we all experienced a feeling of timidity and felt we would have rather been elsewhere. As we ploughed through the watery drifts we regained our confidence in our seaworthy craft and our brave captain.

Nine o'clock found us hugging the shore closely. On several occasions Daddy had turned to me and whispered that we were taking great chances running the trip at night, in strange waters and at a time when weather conditions were not of the best.

Daddy steered us as close to the shore as was considered safe. Frequently Doc or Gib would ask jestingly "Are you looking for mink Daddy?" Daddy's answer was a twist of the rudder which would lurch us from our course and take us out some distance from the shore. On several occasions Daddy proposed landing remarking that in all probability the wind would go down at midnight and we could start afresh.

As we were rounding a treacherous, rocky point in face of a blustering gale snap went a rope and a canoe with its cargo was adrift.

"There she goes ! I told you we oughter put ashore. The wind will go down at midnight!" again protested Daddy,

Speed was slackened and we returned in search of our lost canoe which in a few minutes was recaptured. Gib leaped over the launch and the other canoes and refastened the captured one in short order.

Again we steamed onward and the night appeared to grow colder and more wild. Finally we were all glad to adopt Daddy's suggestion, put ashore and wait till midnight in the hope that the gale would moderate. We made a suitable landing at what we afterwards learned was Pleasant Point on Sturgeon Lake. Here we built a fire and selecting some of the most palatable of our delicacies made a supper of two roast chickens, chili sauce, bread and butter and a pannican of good black tea. Warmed, comforted and refreshed we passed a pleasant hour smoking, talking and speculating on our further adventures.

Finally Doc and Gib remarking that the wind would never go down made a move and all hands were ordered on board. The journey was resumed in silence so far as we were concerned but the elements maintained their blustering. We were all glad when at last Daddy said "Do you fellows see them shore lights ahead ? Them is the Lindsay electric lights".

"No such thing", retorts Gib. "Those are only the lighthouses along the channel. Keep to the left of them buoys, Daddy."

"I know better" says Daddy. "Yer keep to the right going up and the left coming down. I've been up these waters afore you ever though of agoing on this 'ere trip!"

"See any mink Daddy?" is the way in

which Gib meets this correction.

"Well, see here if any of you fellers think you can run this 'ere boat with all them canoes and cargoes in tow, and you fellers' gibbering thrown in I'll give up and let some one of yer take a hand at it," answers Daddy.

As no one wished to lose Daddy's services we soothed him down and he remained at the helm. Apparently he had traversed those waters before and we felt safe in his hands.

PREPARING A MEAL FOR DOCTOR'S BIRTHDAY.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached the locks at Lindsay and as no one was there to put us through we proceeded to make the lockage ourselves. This work is not so easy to those unaccustomed to it as it appears. When the gates were reached Gib sprang from his seat and scaled the perpendicular timbers of the gates with the alertness of a squirrel. Doc attempted to rival his feat but made his effort at a more difficult point. There seemed to be no crevice large enough for hand or foot but Doc persisted in his effort.

"Grab him, Alex." says Daddy "Look where he is going. He will fall into the river. Pull him down !"

Doc however stuck to his task like a leech and finally Gib, hearing our cries came to the rescue with a long rope which he threw over and with its help landed Doc at the top of the pier.

In a few minutes the gates were opened and the water rushed through lifting the launch and boats which were left in charge of Daddy and myself. After a few moments of excitement we were ordered to go ahead. The first gates were passed and closed and the upper gates opened. In all the work occupied half an hour and proved a time of continuous excitement. We made the passage safely, took our two companies on board and proceeded on our way.

Before long we found ourselves amongst log booms. During high winds these had drifted across our channel giving us no small amount of tronble. Gradually we forced our way through till a lurch of Daddy's new canoe brought us to a halt. The canoe had swayed over, caught on the top of a spike

fastened to a boom and there lodged.

"Now there goes my new canoe !" lamented Daddy.

"Yes," said Doc, "you are always aching over something!"

Doc volunteered to rescue the canoe and sprang on the logs for this purpose. The next we saw of him was as he arose after a pretty deep descent into the waters of Scugog. Daddy and the writer effected a rescue and the undaunted Doc proceeded to free the canoe.

Two miles further on we landed again. None of us possessed an over store of knowledge of the channels of the Scugog River and we thought it best to wait for daylight. Accordingly selecting a good point we went ashore, built a rousing fire and prepared a warm breakfast after partaking of which, we resumed our journey in better spirits.

It was high noon before we reached our camping ground. After we had travelled, as we thought, twice the distance we made it out at home, we met a hunter on Scugog Lake and enquired of him as to our whereabouts. He informus we had still seven miles of water to cover and so with wearied hearts and chilled bodies we continued our voyage.

Four or five miles further on we went ashore to reconnoitre. Doc remained in charge of the fleet, Daddy and Gib explored inland while I strolled along the shore on observation intent. In a snug cove, sheltered from the northwest wind I took a rest and basking in the warm rays of the sun I fell asleep. How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell but I was awakened by footsteps and on looking up found Daddy and Gib. They were returning from their wanderings and informed me that they had discovered a farm house, they were told by a handsome and obliging young woman living there that three miles further on we should find shelter and ducks in abundance.

With lighter hearts we pulled up anchor and continued our voyage and though our progress was much hampered through low water we continued the struggle.

Daddy scanned the shore to the left of him and remarked "This must be the place!"

"Well, we'll try if you like but it don't look good to me!" observed Gib.

"It's a mighty poor landing!', exclaimed Doc.

As, however, we were all glad to reach a resting place it was decided to land and reconnoitre. Daddy ran us ashore and we soon found a snug spot, built a fire, boiled water, and prepared a meal. Fried bacon and eggs with a few other substantial articles, tasted good and though it was a hurried meal it was also an enjoyable one.

Chief Johnson, of the Indian Reserve at Scugog paddled up and was invited to partake of our hospitality. During the meal he informed us that were then encamped on Gillespie Point. He further told us that if we would go another mile we should find a beautiful camping ground with an abundance of good spring water. After his information we remained only long enoug to do justic to our hastily prepared meal,the chief assisting to considerably lighten our store of provisions, then smoke a pipe when we once more put off.

The weeds tried hard to detain us and caused us much trouble until we struck the channel when we had a short run to our new location. Under the Chief's guidance we made no further mistake.

One tent was fixed in a small clearance made in a grove of cedars. The position was high and dry being protected on either side from penetrating winds and having a front view overlooking the bay. On the eastern side of our temporary home a beautiful cool spring of water trickled down to the lake. We were not long in making things comfortable and seeking retirement for the first time in forty-eight hours. Our beds were made of cedar boughs and we had rugs and blankets in abundance.

Notwithstanding our long journey and fatigues we were up bright and early the next morning, and much refreshed by our rest we were ready to enter upon the hard work still before us. After a hasty breakfast we seized some necessaries and embarked in our canoes upon a tour of inspection. Doc and Gib selected the northwest shore while Daddy and I paddled towards the Nonkong Creek. Our idea was, if possible, to locate the fly for Monday.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon be-

fore we returned and neither party reported much encouragement though all the members had found excellent appetites. The rest of the afternoon was spent in procuring firewood and preparing the camp for Sunday's rest.

As we had not completely recovered from the effects of our journey an early retirement was in order and we slept on till eight o'clock in the morning. Doc and Daddy were the first to stretch themselves and enjoy the exhilarating fresh air of the morning outside the tent. They strolled to the edge of the lake and scanned the waters in quest of the fly. At breakfast time they gave their report. They had seen a large flock of ducks coming from the lake and alighting directly opposite within a few hundred yards of our camp.

We intended to pass a very quiet Sunday around the camp but groups of callers came to see us and were received with the best the camp could produce. Included amongst our afternoon callers was the Indian Chief and several of his tribe.

In the evening when all our guests had departed we saw a schooner with three canoes in tow making in our direction. In a few minutes she was anchored in our harbor, the boats let loose and in a twinkling the men who manned them were pulling to our shore. They landed a few yards to the west of us and we soon saw that the boats were filled with boughs and evergreens for the purpose of building blinds. Before night set in they had built three hides and arranged decoys right in line and upon the grounds we had chosen.

THE CAMERA CAME INTO ACTION.

While these unexpected manouvres were in progress we all stood aghast. Gib started prancing around and exclaiming "This sets all on my nerves! It's to whose the early bird now. The audacity of'um! To think after they saw us here! They must have known we had claims on these grounds—then for them to plunge right in here. I've a notion to put a hole in the broad side of that 'ere schooner and believe I could do it right from here! However we'll show 'em in the morning!"

We were all sympathetic but had little to say, thinking all the more for silence. It was evident our shoot would be a failure unless we did some clever manouvering very early in the morning.

Daddy boasted that he never needed more than three hours' sleep and we all knew the reason why. His meals were always hearty ones—often four or five potatoes (no small ones at that) five or six slices of bacon, pork and beans, an onion, bread and cheese, three or four pannikans of tea &c. If a slice of bacon happened to be left on the spider it was, "You take that Doc?" "No." "Do you want it Gib?" "Nope." "Do you Alex?" "Not I." With a "Well, if nobody wants it I might as well have it," Daddy would reach out his fork and take it. There was never anything left for the dog and luckily for that animal he had been left at home. When all the provisions in sight had gone the same way Daddy would howl for pie and keep it up as long as the supply lasted. Then the pipe was brought into service after which he would stretch himself on the best shake down in the camp and in a few minutes be in dreamland. No wonder he only wanted three hours' sleep at night! However credit should be given where credit was due—Daddy was always up first in the morning, had fire lit and with his usual gruff, "Hey ! Ain't you fellows going to get up?" woke the whole camp.

This awakening occurred earlier than usual on Monday morning, Daddy adding "You'll get no shoot today if yer don't move. Them fellers over there'll be in them hides afore yer know it." This warning caused us all to jump up, and glad we were to find that at four-thirty Daddy had a good warm breakfast awaiting us. A refreshing wash in Scugog Lake, a hearty breakfast and at five-thirty we were all at our posts.

Daddy was at the rice beds near Nonkong Lake, Doc was at Pleasant Point and Gib and myself in the duck boat at the hide preparing to stake in line with and at the head of our competitors.

Our decoys had just been placed out, the stakes driven into the marley bed of the lake and were about to position our boat when in came the ducks. Not a shell was in our guns but it did not take long to remedy this matter and in a shorter time than I can write it three ducks were ours. We went out and picked up these birds and put back into position. In a few minutes we dropped four more.

"They certainly are coming our way, Alex," says Gib as we lifted the last duck into the boat and returned again to the stakes. For two hours we had fine sport and procured a heavy bag.

"Well," says Gib, "I guess that what I said last night came very near the truth. Those fellows thought they were very clever and the way they hustled around looked as though they intended to gobble up all the ducks. They have found their mistake though for we have had the choice spots after all."

Satisfied with our first morning's shoot (which turned out to be the best of the whole trip) we pulled for camp and an hour later were joined by Doc and Daddy whose experiences, though they had been good, had not been so successful as ours.

Our rivals not satisfied with their luck cleared off and left us in undisturbed possession. The birds however did not come in so thick again and though we did not complain we had nothing of which to boast. Every hour was enjoyed and we were in the open air as much as possible.

Doc's birthday was celebrated in camp in a right Royal fashion. A special dinner consisting of everything that could be prepared in camp, even to boiled mashed turnips was made ready and served up in fine style. An Indian friend named Charlie was the only guest and he made up for the lack of others. Doc waxed eloquent over his experiences and congratulations and toasts made up quite a family gathering.

The weather grew colder and we awoke one morning to find the bay almost a sheet of ice. The ducks were getting fewer and there was no good reason for us to prolong our stay.

"We'd better get out of this right now" said Daddy, "or our home 'll be here for the winter. You know the Scugog River 'll freeze up in a night."

For once we were in entire agreement with Daddy and set about loading our launch and boats with our spoils and outfit. By half past six we were all

prepared for our homeward journey. The severe frost of the night had obtained a grip on our gasoline engine and it took us half an hour with the use of boiling water to thaw out the affected parts.

The homeward journey in broad day light was as pleasant as could be wished. We voyaged through beautiful waters and picturesque scenery with the sun shining brightly while we were enjoying ourselves in pleasant shade. Dotted along the course we saw a number of hides, some occupied by hunters who were anxiously awaiting the incoming of the feathered tribes. In the middle of the lake we could see flocks of ducks, alternately rising and falling—a sight most entrancing to the true duck hunter.

By noon we reached Lindsay and by a curious coincidence landed on precisely the same spot at which we stopped on the morning of our eventful upward voyage.

Here we partook of a hastily prepared dinner and again passed through the locks —this time in a much easier fashion, having skilled assistance and guidance.

Sturgeon Lake was rough and the weather cold. At eight o'clock in the evening we reached the locks at Bobcaygeon. Our passage was much facilitated by ready help and we reached the boathouse in good condition, all prepared to return to our worldly callings with renewed health and spirits and in a far better condition to face the problems of life that press upon everyone of us.

A Fisherman Legislator.

THERE is nothing like practical experience and knowledge to give our legislators wisdom when they come to deal with fish and game questions. Mr. A. C. Pratt, who represents South Norfolk in the Ontario Legislature is both a hunter and a fisherman and takes a personal interest in all matters concerning fish and game protection. Our illustration of Mr. Pratt and his little son was taken just after the capture of the maskinonge which is also seen in the picture The fish was taken off Turkey Point, Long Point Bay, Lake Erie. The length was fifty-two inches, girth twenty-five inches, and weight fifty-five pounds. If Mr. Pratt is as successful as a legislator as he is a fisherman the interests of his constituents should be safe in his hands.

Mr. A. C. Pratt M. P. P. and his Big Maskinonge.

A Nocturnal Duck Hunt.

A True Story Which Came Near to Never Being Written.

BY L. W. BINGAY.

SOME years ago I happened to be in a rather unsettled portion of Western Nova Scotia with a friend. We were there on business but, knowing what this part of the country can offer in the way of duck shooting in the fall of the year, we both carried our guns with us.

Needless to say neither of us regretted this, for we had some of the finest duck shooting it was ever my luck to experience, as well as some successful forays into the spruce forests after the elusive ruffed grouse or "partridge," as the natives called them.

One night we prepared to go down to the marshes for an all night shooting expedition. All day vast flocks of ducks and geese had been congregating out in the bay, and one of the old inhabitants, himself, a veteran hunter, assured us that there would be something doing. We got down to the marshes and ensconced ourselves in "blinds," after mooring a flock of decoys out in the creek.

The night was cold—a flurry of snow occasionally rose, and a high piercing wind made our position almost untenable.

The whistling of hundreds of wings high overhead drove all thought of going home from us, however, and as I cautiously gave a call to them, we heard the whistling wings crescendo as the vast flock wheeled, and a second later a dark mass whirled over our heads, across the creek.

It was like firing into a cloud bank, and as our four shots rang out we could hear the "spat" of the dead and wounded birds, as they dropped into the water.

Our retreiver a "Yaller Dawg" as our host called him, soon had over a dozen fine black ducks ashore. The dog was the most nondescript cur I ever saw, but he was also the best and most intelligent retreiver that a duck hunter could desire. Our host, who owned this dog, was very proud of him.

"What breed is he Ed. ?" was Jack's query one day, when we were getting a wee bit bored by Ed's dissertations on the dog's good points.

The genial Ed. looked hurt. He turned his cud and expectorated on the kitchen stove violently. "Why," he said, "he has got some setter into him." "Yes, but what else ?" persisted Jack.

"Waal," said Ed., while another stream of tobacco juice struck the hot stove with a hiss, "Waal, I reckon the rest is just yaller dawg."

But I am digressing. Another flock of ducks came our way, down wind, travelling like lightning and just then the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and we could plainly see them coming—clouds of them.

At fifty yards distance Jack blazed away both barrels, but not a bird dropped.

A second later they were past, and as they rapidly wheeled, I poured both barrels into the thick of them and dropped nine.

Jack's experience had not taught him that a duck flying towards one, is almost shot proof. He took the lesson to heart, however, but not without muttering something about "a fool for luck." We now had a fine bag of birds and had we been rational beings, we would have gone home, had a warm drink and turned in, but the sounds out in the bay told us that huge flocks of geese were about. Their unmusical and harsh "honking" stirred our blood as a trumpet does a troop of calvalry. We resolved to get a dory and get out after them among the ice cakes. There were numerous dorys drawn up on the the beach for the winter and it was a matter of little difficulty to launch one. We were also fortunate enough to secure a pair of oars. We moved cautiously over the dark water, carefully avoiding the masses of ice, and slowly made our way to the middle of the bay, when we could hear that we

were approaching our quarry. Noticing that our craft was leaking badly I took a bailing scoop and commenced to bail, when, by ill luck, I struck the plug in the bottom of the dory and dislodged it. Evidently it had not been driven home since the last time the boat had been drained. The water rushed in rapidly through the hole—so rapidly that it was almost up to my knees before I realizied our awful danger.

I groped madly in the icy water for the plug, but it must have slipped overboard in the lurching of a dory. I quickly bared one arm and thrust it into the hole almost up to my elbow, necessarily submerging one side of my body in the icy water.

Jack rowed for shore as he had never rowed before. I could hear the joints of his arms crack as he put all his strength into the oars, but our progress was awfully slow, and I could feel the water rising about my body as I crouched in the bottom of the boat. Ever and anon as we crashed through a sheet of thin ice I could feel the cruel edges cut my hand and arm under the boat. Presently all sensation left my arm and I could feel the deadly cold numbing my vitals, and still the water crept up higher and higher, and the shore was almost two miles away ! I reckoned u p chances rapidly; at the rate we were filling, there was no doubt that all the upper seams were leaking fast—far faster than I could ball with my hat,tor the baler was lost too. We could not possibly get more than a quarter of a mile before sinking and then though we were both good swimmers, and each with an oar we could never get to shore in that freezing water, which was rapidly skimming over with a thin sheet of ice. We shouted fiercely, in a vain hope that someone might be about, but no answer came to us. "It looks as if we were finished," muttered Jack, between his teeth, and then something like a sob broke from him. Poor fellow, I knew full well that his strength was utterly exhausted in this awful race with death, and that he had realized the apparent hopelessness of our position.

I tried to cheer the poor fellow—"It's only a little way now, Jack, we'll soon be there."

Then the deadly numbness clouded my senses and the idea of death lost its sting as the chill crept through my veins. Suddenly I caught sight of a black mass in the water about five hundred yards away. I shouted to Jack to make for it, and he put every ounce of his strength into the oars. Nearer and nearer we crept. I could now make out a small reef. We leaped overboard and found the water up to our necks and soon had the dory hauled up on the rocks. There was a piece of driftwood lying there, and laboriously we worked with our knives to make a plug for our craft. This was soon done and then we rowed for home with all speed.

We had a vigorous rubbing and the quantity of hot rum and water we drank would have killed anyone whose blood was not like ice water.

Both our faces looked livid next day and though Jack was all right in a couple of days, I had a touch of rheumatic fever, and even now after many years, sometimes a twinge in one shoulder reminds me of that wild night among the ice cakes, when Jack and I raced against death and won by such a narrow margin.

Mr. Frank Bowker, of Marksville,Ont. writes of the fishing on St. Joseph's Island, off the north shore of Lake Huron: On a beautiful afternoon in July I was on St. Joseph' Island Walking down the road I met a young man who's greeting was "let's go fishing." We got our poles and started and though it commenced to rain long before we reached our fishing ground we still continued our determination to fish. As we found the fish biting well the rain proved nohindrance to our enjoyment. After two hours at this occupation we returned home. On the way home we counted the fish and found that we had sixty-two averaging about nine inches.

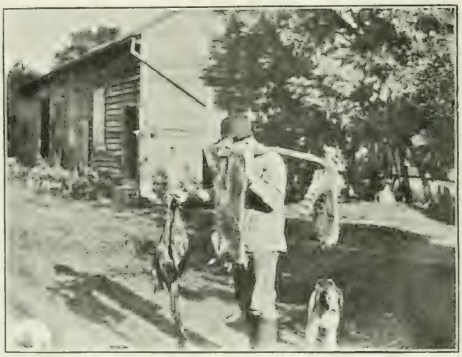
A Successful First Deer Hunt.

BY 'N. S. W.

FOR a number of years one of my pet schemes had been trying my luck after deer. Hunting had been my ideal occupation and I thought tramping through the woods after game the most delightful occupation in which one could indulge. I had, however, never seen the red deer in his native wilds and was begining to think it might be a long time before my fancies would be realized.

In the fall of 1907 I received a very welcome invitation to join a party on an outing to the woods with a deer hunt to follow, and I at once started making preparations and plans, first providing myself with a trusty .44 cal. Winchester and absolute necessities for such an expedition.

On October twenty-eighth I left the noise and whirl of the busy city life behind me and next day reached my friends at the pretty little town of Campbellford. I received a warm welcome and found all looking forward to the trip and the hunt.



HARRY, WITH THE RESULT OF A MORNING'S TRAMP.

Two or three days were occupied in preparing our outfit and we felt when we had gone over the whole of our preparations that we had left nothing undone to ensure a most enjoyable and successful vacation.

We decided to start on the early train on the morning of the opening season. To accomplish this we had first to make a drive of sixteen miles. In order that there might be no delays we packed our luggage in the buggy the evening before, and retiring early secured a few hour's rest. It was one o'clock in the morning when we were awakened and after partaking of a light luncheon started on our long drive.

The morning was clear and before those long sixteen miles were covered we were somewhat chilled. The station was reached in good time and fortunately the train was not late. In a warm comfortable car we speedily recoved and soon began to take an interest in our northern journey.

The sun shone brightly on the hills and woods and we noted the increasing roughness of the country as we went further and further north. Settlements were few and far between and were mostly confined to odd shanties here and there. Soon after noon we reached our stopping point and as several parties in addition to ours left the train at the same station the platform presented quite a sporty appearance. Luckily for us we met a friend with a light rig and were soon off to the village which was only a short distance from the station. Stopping at the first hotel we came to, which by the way was the only one in the place, we had dinner. After the long ride and the lengthy interval between meals I need scarcely explain what happened to the fare.

There was a further drive of eight miles before camp was reached, and while the driver got the baggage packed we explored the place, posted mail, and procured some things which after all had been forgotten. It was nearly three o'clock before we got started, and the

roads being heavy and hilly we made but slowprogress. We overtook one party who left the village before we did, and who, owing to a heavier load were making slower time than ourselves. Judging by the manner in which they saluted us they appeared to have had severs1 internal applications with the result of rendering them happy for the time.

Our teamster relieved the tedium of the drive with a good deal of information, and what would otherwise have been a tiresome tour was made pleasant by the variety which he gave to it. When we came to the top of a hill we could look round at other hills and see valleys and high bluffs, the latter covered with maple, hemlock, cedar and presenting a very fine appearance. At such times we could not help expressing to each other our opinions that the sight of those lovely scenes of Nature was alone worth ten times the cost of the trip.

So heavy was the road that several times we had to rest the horses and more than once get them out of difficulties. On one of these occasions we allowed the dogs to be loose for a few minutes, and starting several partridges had the luck with my 12 guage to shoot enough for our supper.

It was not till five o'clock in the afternoon that we arrived at the settler's house where we were to make our home while hunting. Needless to say Mr. and Mrs. M,—— were very glad to see us as we provided a change in their quiet life. The traps were soon unloaded and though it was only an hour before dark Harry and I took our guns and went for a short walk. We found no occasion to use them but returned to the house in fine trim for supper.

Our hunting party was small consisting of myself, Harry and Aunt K. The latter possessed a good record for handling the rifle. The location of our hunting headquarters could not have been better, being about one hundred yards from a nice lake with high hills on all sides. The house was built of logs and on the whole made a most picturesque appearance. That evening we had a good smoke and discussed our plans for next day.

Saturday morning found us up early and after a good breakfast we made a hurried start, a little rain falling at the time. According to the arrangements made the previous night I took a runway some four miles out. Half an hour's start was given me that I might reach my position and then Harry promised to start the dogs and do his best to give me a chance.

The drizzling rain made matters uncomfortable but I tramped along cheerfully and had visions of deer ever before me. As I could not find the place which had been described to me I concluded to stay where I was. In a few minutes I heard the dogs giving tongue and a shot followed. The rain came faster and faster and I secured the shelter of an old tree where I remained for some time longer. As nothing showed up I decided to return to headquarters which I reached at noon glad to find a fine dinner of fried partridge awaiting me. My long tramps made me enjoy that dinner. It was half past one before Harry came in, and though wet and hungry he was jubilant over success. He had secured a fine buck a short distance out and requirred help to carry it in. We were all excitement at the news as we had scarcely ventured to hope for success the first day out. It was not long before we were at the scene of the exploit, and after dressing him found a good strong pole and took him into camp. As the rain was still pouring steadily down we decided to remain at the cabin for the remainder of that day.

Sunday was quiet though we made a scout around to see the country. There was a very high hill south of us, and mounting this hill we could, with the aid of our glasses, see five lakes. They made a very pretty sight and we all agreed to call our camp "Lake View Place."

As it turned cold during the night the fresh air was very bracing when we faced it early on Monday morning and each of us was anxious for a start. Aunt K. was eager to try her luck and it was agreed that while she and I would occupy the runway by the marsh Harry should again start the dogs. We had not been at our stations long before we heard the dogs. They were east of us and seemed to be coming closer every minute. I

took up my position behind a big stump and hearing a number of shots thought I had better be prepared should a deer happen my way. On many occasions I had been told that I should have "buck fever" and forget to shoot when I saw my first deer. While I will admit that I was a little shaky I made up my mind not to forget to shoot. In those few anxious moments I had killed the deer in my own imagination before I saw him. At length I sighted him crossing through the bushes about three hundred yards off. Judging from the course it was taking, I thought it would not come any nearer to me and accordingly I fixed my sight and blazed away as fast as possible. The flag was still in the air as my first deer passed from my sight. Hoping that I might run into it in the swamp, I struck out but had only gone a short distance when I met Harry. As it was near noon we agreed to give up the chase and enjoy our lunch of apples and cookies. We had a pipe and talked over our bad luck of the morning's hunt. Harry had made a clean miss at a nice buck. Although we made up our minds to do better that afternoon, and did really work hard, we had no luck and returned to camp weary, hungry and unsuccessful.

THE WRITER WATCHING THE RUNWAY.

That evening I felt particularly blue but was cheered up by Mr. M. who told us some of his many hunting exploits and gave me fresh hope, with the result that I retired in quite a cheerful mood.

Next morning we found that three inches of snow had fallen during the night and we made a hurry-up breakfast to get out before the sun could take the snow off. I struck out alone as usual and Harry started the dogs. In passing through a small valley I ran into fresh tracks and received new hope from the sight. I went forward to the runway, it had been arranged I had should watch but appearances not seeming to me at all favourable I decided to go back to the other runway. In this case instinct was right for I had not gone two hundred yards from the fresh tracks when I sighted a fine buck coming down the side of a hill. Fixing my sights and keeping very still I allowed him to come down till I thought I could manage him. Then I opened up and missing two shots only turned him up the hill again. Doubtless he would have escaped had I not succeeded in planting the third shot in his shoulder and thus stopping him. I was not long in getting to the spot and found that the one shot had killed him.

As I was alone it was up to me to dress and prepare my prize for removal to camp. I performed the necessary operations and then succeeded in attracting Harry's attention to my position. We ate our lunch near where the deer had fallen and then procuring a stout pole swung the deer on and set off. It was a good four miles to camp and as the deer (as we were afterwards ascertained) weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds dressed, our task was no easy one The country was very rough and every nowand again it was necessary to climb over logs and go through bushes, progress being so impeded that often it appeared as though we could not go further. However we did not mind it at all, being so delighted over my success. When finally, about supper time, the camp was reached, congratulations and handshakes were the order of the occasion. That evening was far better that the previous one, and after a good supper, which we enjoyed immensely, we retired early being quite ready for bed after our strenuous exertions of the afternoon.

Steadily falling rain all through Wednesday and Thursday detained us at headquarters. From sleet it turned to

snow and the prospect was gloomy. The two days were taken up with wood cutting, reading, gun cleaning, talking over past adventures and arranging for others to come.

Although there were ten inches of snow on the level on Friday morning, making walking very bad we determined to make an effort and set out. Before I had gone a mile the dogs started east of me and I soon saw a fine doe coming at full speed. As I could not get near where she would pass I had to take a long shot and so opened at three hundred yards. I unloaded the magazine in my endeavours to stop her but she went on untouched. Things seemed to me to be lively and reloading as soon as possible I took my stand behind a stump, keeping close watch on all sides.

The dogs appeared to be busy in the hardwood bush south of me and in no time they started another deer. This one, which I saw was a doe, came along the ridge towards me. I waited till she was about two hundred yards away when I planted a well aimed shot in her shoulder and down she went ploughing up the snow for some distance before stopping. I remained for some time to see if there would be anything else doing and as all was quiet started for camp, sliding my deer along on the snow. Again there was great jubilation at the camp and my fit of blues was no longer remembered. We had plenty of work in preparing the deer for removal.

The next day we tried again but did not even get a shot, owing to the great number of hunters in the neighboring camps. These men and their dogs had pretty well chased the game out. As the outing was drawing to a close our attention was drawn to the pursuit of smaller game.

One evening we were going up the creek and while Harry was punting the old boat along I was in the bow keeping a good look out for ducks. Just as we rounded a bend in the stream a small flock flew up and not taking time to aim from the shoulder I let go both barrels at once.

When the smoke cleared we could not even find a feather but subsequently discovering that the shells were loaded with buckshot we both agreed that the ducks were entitled to get away.

Next morning was entirely taken up with preparation for our return and we left at noon, all satisfied with our outing and its results and though sorry to leave pleased that we had a deer each to take home. I presented one of my two to Aunt K. as she had no luck on this trip, though she well earned her share of the spoil by the valuable assistance she rendered in making our outing the success it was in every way.

We were fortunate in escaping accidents and our discomforts were confined to soakings from rain and snow, discomforts we went to meet and which we took in good part as necessary for the developements of sportsmen. One night when Harry and I were dreaming of bear and deer and eagerly pursuing them in our sleep, the bed, which was a home-made one, broke down under our combined weight and awoke the whole camp. Nothing more unpleasant followed than a sleep on the floor, and we were none the worse for this little adventure.

The return to Campbellford was made without incidents and after expressing my deer home I spent a few more days in renewing acquaintances in that pleasant little town. On my return home my friend's were highly pleased to receive enough venison for a meal—a rare treat to most of them.

The head of my buck was mounted and I prize very highly the trophy of my first deer hunt in the celebrated Highlands of Ontario which I trust I may be able to visit often in the future.

A Morning Shoot in the West.

BY J. D. F.

MY friend Walker said to me, "I think we had better go and shoot some ducks tomorrow." Well, being from the east and having had to work like Sam Hill for any ducks I ever shot, I hesitated a minute. "Yes," he said, "we'll go out to the slough and get a whole bunch of them." Accordingly the necessary preparations were made, even to the hiring of a nag and vehicle, and at half past two in the morning of last Labour Day we left the livery barn bent on the destruction of our friends the ducks.

The aforesaid "big slough" is in the neighborhood of a small place called Grand Coulee, eight or nine miles from the prosperous and thrifty city of Regina, Sask., and part of our drive took us along the banks of the Wascana Creek.

The pot hunters were out and in position tion along the banks of the creek at that early hour, and to their shame had started to shoot. As we drove along we could see the flash of the gun, then hear the report, and on more than one occasion we heard the quack, quack and fluttering of the startled game as they fled from the butchers on the bank.

By daybreak we reached our destination, unhitched the horse and hobbled him, ate a bite of swell meat pie furnished by my friend's mother, put the guns together and were ready for business. Birds were flying in all directions and it seemed as if one had only to stand there and if a proper shot, knock them down.

Walker started off and proceeded to wade some seventy-five or one hundred yards into this slough. There was about three feet of water in it and it was full of long grass. Presently he halted and sang out "Come on in, the water's fine". Now what do you think of that? After all these years of hides and punts and waders and flight shooting and all that sort of rot, my heart failed me, but presently I heard the bang bang of his gun and I saw him go and pick up a couple and tie them to the string he had around his manly stomach. That settled it, I went in also.

The sensation was very similar to what you feel when you take chloroform but as you begin to see the open water ahead you forget the dentist's chair and the first thing you know you wouldn't change places with the Emperor Bill. Why? Well I'll tell you; Out there in a little patch of open water is a flock of mallards. In your hands is a good gun, well loaded, and as your approach through the water alarms them, they rise and then it is up to you.

We got out on dry land to warm ourselves and change our breaths when someone started a fusilade at the other end of the slough. Naturally the ducks started coming our way and in we went again.

Well, to sum up Walker got fifteen and your truly got eighteen, made up of mallards, shovellers and teal.

On the way back about nine o'clock we flushed a covey of chicken. Both of us got out to get what we could and on the discharge of Mr. Blooming Walker's cannon our noble steed took fright and bolted, nor did he stop. Well, here we were five or six miles from town and on foot and the only consolation was that by the time we did get back we were dry, absolutely, in more ways than one. Then around to your friends with a small contribution and a glorious morning was gone, leaving however many pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten memories behind.

A Sporting Outing in Saskatchewan.

BY E. R. D.

WE were having a few days off and even the few days seemed to drag so we concluded we had better get out of town. It is at times like this that the Easterner misses the small brook where he can fish for trout. However we did the next best thing. We started out for Long Lake, situate about twenty-five or six miles north of Regina, armed with fishing tackle, a shot gun and a 22 calibre rifle.

A horse and buggy was our mode of conveyance and on the way we made use of the little rifle to shoot a large number of gophers. They are pretty small and useless game but when it comes to shooting them at about forty or fifty yards the sport is there alright.

We arrived at the end of the lake or rather a nice little spot about two miles from the lake and camped beside a dam and seven o'clock p. m. found us standing on the dam one with the fishing tackle and the other (it's too bad to admit it but the temptation was too strong to resist) with a bit of fine wire we had picked up. The snare was successful first and a fine big pickerel was soon landed, cleaned and cooking over our fire. There is no need for me to describe all the surroundings or how good that fish tasted, how bright the stars were, how the trees seemed to be as big as the good old maples of Ontario, because every one who will be reading this has been there, but I must say that we both agreed that the fish was the best we had ever eaten and I will leave you to judge whether or not it was because it was caught with a snare.

The next day found us out on the lake. The forenoon was spent in the good open water fishing and at noon, with the one tackle we had six fine fish. The afternoon was spent down at the marshy end of the lake with the boat and shot gun and after enjoying all the the pleasure of our shoot we landed at night with thirteen ducks, some good ones and some rather small. Don't think now that we rowed out and shot the poor birds as they sat among the reeds because we didn't.

The next day the same programme was carried out only that we left at about five o'clock for Regina. We carried with us sixteen nice pickerel and twenty-two ducks and it would have been hard to find two browner, more sun-burned or more contented fellows as we drove back. I don't think I mentioned that it was in September and on our way home we got a shot at a flock of prairie chickens but we failed to get any of them.

However, we did get, although it has no connection with either rod or gun, two quarts of buttermilk, and when we arrived in Regina maybe we didn't enjoy the results of our little outing as well as the outing itself, but then again maybe we did.

A Song of the Sea.

BY KATHLEEN EDDY MUNDY.

Come, come with me
O'er the silver sea,
For the smell of the salt I crave,—
There's a swish and a whirl
Where the moombeams curl
On the crest of the foaming wave.

Look, look ! afar
Gleams a pallid star,
The guard of the sea wolf's cave,—
There's a swish and a whirl,
Where the moonbeams curl,
On the crest of the foaming wave.

Come, come, away,
For my heart is gay,
And the love in your eyes is brave,—
There's a swish and a whirl,
Where the moonbeams curl
On the crest of the foaming wave.

Off, off, we go,
Heave ho, heave ho !
Aye, the wind in its haunt may rave,—
There's a swish and a whirl,
Where the moonbeams curl,
On the crest of the foaming wave.

Facts About Bass.

Hints on Catching These Game Fish.

BY M. W. G. PURSER.

BLACK bass, which are noted for their gaminess, are as much sought by sportsmen as are maskinonge or brook trout. These fish have a musky odor when caught.

The black bass hibernate except in the extreme south. It is their custom to bury themselves in mud and weeds, often under the shelter of a shrunken log. They leave their winter quarters a month or six weeks before spawning time, when they run in streams and shallower parts of the lakes, possibly on account of the greater percentage of oxygen there. Thereafter they pair and form their nests on a gravelly or sandy bottom, or on a rocky ledge, in from eighteen inches to three feet of water in streams, but in somewhat deeper water in lakes. The nests are circular in form, twice the length of the fish, are often placed quite close to each other, and where possible adjacent to deep water or to patches of weeds to which the parents can retire if disturbed. The spawning season varies with the temperature of the region, from early spring to mid-summer. Both parents stay by the nest preventing the approach of spawn eaters during the eight or ten days required for the hatching process, and subsequently protect the fry.

By the end of the first year the young bass are four inches long, and are mature at two years when they measure from eight to twelve inches in length. They gain about a pound a year in weight thereafter till they reach the limit of weight of the adult which is from six to eight pounds for the large mouth species and four to five for the small mouthed.

Small-mouthed black bass attain a length of four to eight inches in five or six months and have been known to weigh 1 lb. 9 ozs. in eighteen months. (See Proceedings of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, for 1906, p. 31.)

I may say in passing the largest bass caught in Rice Lake in recent times weighed 7 lbs. 3 ozs.

Catfish are recommended as bait for bass, which it is said the fish cannot resist. Grasshoppers and crickets are also recommended as bait, I have had good success tempting bass with live frogs which should be small.

In former years large quantities of frogs were exported from Rice Lake, but today frogs are very scarce, so scarce that one will find it difficult to secure bait for bass fishing. However, I find that earth worms make a fair substitute. Gallinippers, crayfish and shiners also make good bait.

The reason that the frogs have been depleted is due to the fact that men engaged in the trade captured the frogs during the banding season. During this period they are easily obtained. It was the custom to collect the frogs in pens, and they would live for eight or nine days in captivity without food, and would not fail much. It was impossible to feed them because a frog will not eat anything that is not alive and moving. After the eight or nine days were up the frogs were were slaughered, dressed and shipped to market where big sums were realized.

Black Bass are harder to catch than the large mouthed variety, the reason being that the latter are greater gourmands.

Bass may be caught in June and July with artificial flies, by trying where they are seen jumping. You must have the right tackle for black bass. Remember there must be nothing conspicuous in it, and the line should be fine, and as near the color of the water as possible. Black bass will bite after sunset, and have been caught in good moonlight.

Unlike maskinonge bass can be caught any time of the day. They bite best when the moon is gaining and near its full is the best time of all. Fish do not bite well the moruing after much brigh

moon-light.

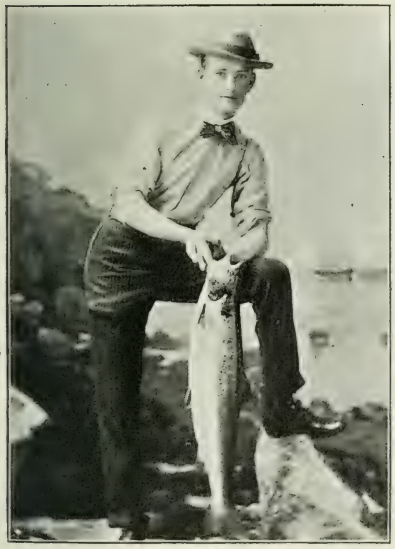
Some lovers of piscatorial sport consult the almanac to ascertain that the sign of the zodiac is favorable for good biting. They wish to go fishing on the dates opposite which appear the sign of the two fishes. Some months there are two good days, some three, and some even four but generally there are just two.

It should be borne in mind that fish go against the wind and against the current. It therefore follows that if you happen to be angling in a river it is best to cast the line down stream. The windward shore is the one from which to fish. If you have hooked a bass, and it jumps out of the water, it is advisable to pull with great suddenness on the line, or the chances are you may lose your fish.

Bass are occasionally caught while trolling for maskinonge. We caught six in one hour one day, and great success has been reported by the use of a small trolling outfit, especially adapted for bass, and used in localities where they frequent.

In conclusion it may be stated that legal restrictions against bass fishing were over on June 16. Every bass hooked which is under six inches in length has to be returned to the water. In one day only thirty bass may be caught of an aggregate weight of ten pounds by one person.

Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick.



Sea Salmon.

NEW Brunswick is noted amongst other things for its salmon fishing.

This year the salmon fishing was late and comparatively few were taken up to the middle of June. In ordinary years as many as one hundred and thirty have been captured. They are not all extinct however, as shown by the illustration we give of Mr. F. L. Ham of St. Stephen, N. B. and a fine sea salmon he caught. Mr. Ham obtained his bite on the River St. Croix, within the city limits. He stepped into a canoe and drifted down the river a quarter of a mile playing the fish all the time. The struggle lasted for three-quarters of an hour when Mr. Ham was successful in landing his prize.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON'S HEAD QUARTERS

PICUA, HOLDER OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS', MINOT AND GLORIA CUPS.

The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

BY N. MILTON BROWNE.

HALIFAX—the battlemented city of the North, from the heights of whose towering citadel parapets the guns of England stretch out their mighty muzzles seaward in protection of the peoples who wander to and fro in the streets below, unconscious of the sleeping sentinels perched high up near the sky line, that guard the honor of the flag and insure them from invasion by a foreign foe.

Halifax, the kennel of the North Atlantic Squadron of the English navy, on whose broad bosom the combined navies of the world could manoeuvre with ease, with its claim to being one of the finest harbors on the North American continent, offers a field for yachting that cannot be excelled. Without venturing beyond the harbor mouth, practically every yacht sailing in Canadian waters, could be raced on this huge sheet of water without

fear of collision, as the Bay proper, which includes Bedford Basin, is over twenty five miles in length and all the way from one to six miles wide. Some of the keenest races ever sailed in Maritime waters have been run on this harbor, and many are the tales of exciting threshes to windward and long reaches for home that are nightly told about the cheerful log fire in the cosy parlors of the Capital Yacht Club during the long winter evenings.

R. T. MACILREITH ESQ., COMMODORE FOR 1908.

The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, with headquarters at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was established in 1875, and was the first club of its kind in the Maritime Provinces. For nearly a quarter of a century its handful of chartered members fostered and boomed yachting until today there is hardly a town or village along the seaboard that cannot boast a fleet of boats, with a nearby club house to which the members may repair and "fight their battles oe'r again" after the course has been sailed and a winner declared. In 1880 the Halifax club was granted permission to use the prefix "Royal."

The following is an extract taken from the letter sent by the Earl of Kimberly, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the Marquis of Lorne, who held the high office of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada:

127 Downing St.,
14th August, 1880.

My Lord :

I take this opportunity of informing you that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the Nova Scotia Squadron being permitted to use the prefix "Royal".

(Signed) KIMBERLEY.

The Club has ninety yachts and thirty motor boats on its register. Every Saturday afternoon the boats of the fleet in their different classes are out and over one or other of the courses, furnishing splendid entertainment for the crowds of people that spend the half holiday along the shores or beautiful Point Pleasant Park. The longest course over which the yachts of the Squadron sail measures thirty and four-fifth miles. This route, when the wind is blowing from the south offers a proposition that is difficult for even the most expert yachtsmen to negotiate. The seas roll in from the open ocean, and by the time Thrum Cap, the outer buoy, has been rounded and the craft squared away for home both yacht and crew are drenched from the driving seas.

There are nine courses altogether, and the classes have each a different route set apart for them.

The races of the Squadron flotilla afford one of the finest attractions the city of Halifax has to offer to the tourist and traveller, and even to the staid citizens of the city by the sea, who daily witness these brushes on the harbor, the tilts between the white winged fleet are not without spice of excitement.

There is probably no club on the American continent, and certainly none in Canada, that can boast of such a valuable collection of trophies, for competition as the Halifax squadron.

Among the handsome pieces of silver for which the yachts of all countries may compete, held by this club, is the Prince of Wales' Cup, which was presented to the squadron by our present King, His Gracious Majesty Edward VII, in 1860, when he was heir-apparent to the English throne, as a perpetual challenge cup. The course over which the cup race must be sailed must be not less than 25 miles, and between the dates of July 1st and October 1st of any year. Competition for the trophy is open to the world, to all yachts exceeding a twenty foot rating, duly enrolled in any organized yacht club. The winner may hold the cup for nine months, after which it must be returned to the Halifax people. Should a foreign craft capture the silverware, a bond of $1,000 is required as a guarantee that the trophy will be returned.

F. G. ZWICKER, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE SQUADRON.

VAMPIRE REACHING HOME.

In 1899, the cutter Dione, owned by H. C. McLeod and Colonel Isaacson, won the cup. This fleet cutter is at present owned by Mr. Fergie, of the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club, Sydney, Cape Breton. The cup was once captured by an American boat, the schooner Elmina, owned by F. F. Brewster of the New York Yacht Club, which captured the emblem on August 26th, 1905. The trophy is at present held by the cutter Youla, the property of H. M. Wylde of Halifax. The "Wenonah" cup, second in value only to the Prince of Wales' trophy, was presented to the

YOULA, HOLDER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP.

squadron by several distinguished gentleman of the United States, in 1887, and was first won by the schooner yacht Wenonah. It is at present held by Captain W. D. Rose's Ickey Boy.

Among other trophies offered for competition by the squadron are : Crescent No.'s 1 and 2 cups, Royal Engineers' Yacht Club cup, Gloria and Minot cups.

The officers of the squadron for 1908 are : Commodore, R. T. McIlreith;Vice-Commodore, F. H. Bell; Secretary, F.G. Zwicker; Hon. Treas. Wm Lewis; Committee of management, R. R. Kennedy, C. S. Stayner, G. Fred Pearson, J. W. Willis; Sailing Committee, W. H. Johnston, Dr. J. F. Lessel, J. W. Rowe and R. Morrow.

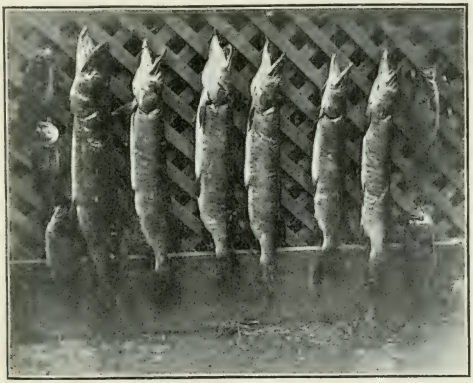
That the pike is voracious enough to swallow anything it possibly can is known to most fishermen. On June 18th, 1906, a note signed "Miss Mabel Rubinson, 39 King St. West. Toronto" was put in a small bottle and thrown into Lake Ontario, at Oakville. In the note was a request that she should be notified where it was found. In the month of June this year the bottle was recovered from the inside of a pike caught at Hay Bay, about one hundred and seventy-five miles east of Oakville, by Geo. E. Hartwick. The pike was three feet long and had evidently swallowed the bottle as a tit bit.

Muscallonge For Two.

BY L. S.

WE were together at the camp boarding house at last, and that meant eleven p. m. whereas it should have been at least six hours earlier. A change in the Grand Trunk timetable, instituted that very day making our train leave at one-forty instead of one-fifty p. m. caused the mix-up, but we were fortunately able to make other arrangements and connections so that we still had the day and a half's fishing time that we had counted on. The scene of operations—Heely's Falls, Trent River; mine host—Rod Keller; our quest—muscallonge; our hopes and prospects—good; and our nightcap—Scotch.

I had just dozed off and had but just commenced to unreel my line of sleep when a knock at my door aroused me. With thoughts of possible sickness of someone, or of many other similar possibilities, I hurriedly inquired the wherefore of that knock.



ONE AND A HALF DAYS' CATCH.

"Come on, get up, if you want to go fishing" and my friend's head appeared in the doorway.

"Heavens, man, what time is it?" I could hear myself murmur.

"Four thirty" quoth he. "Allright" I answered but it did not seem allright and it was not until a breath of the cool outside air and a cold water douche had helped me complete the reeling in of that line of sleep that it seemed anything but wrong.

My friend, let's call him George, and I went to the Rapids below the falls for our before-breakfast fish. The big pool that morning brought forth not a single strike. Neither silver minnow or Dowiagiac proved attractive to its denizens if any lurked there. But in a shallow pool below, my first cast of a silver minnow brought a strike and a good one. He soon had me stepping into the water much as I was disclined so to do, but he did not get away and in due time his lively struggles in the rapids were superseded by quite as lively leaps, twists and somersaults on the rock-strewn shore. I can see the old experienced fisherman-reader of this raising a contemptuous lip at my reference to preferring dry feet to wet but I can enjoy dry feet and fishing much better than wet feet and the same, and I care not what other "followers of Izaak Walton" think. That latter phrase I had to work in somewhere, any fishing tale would lack its trademark without it.

This five and a half pound 'lunge constituted our entire catch before breakfast but our appetites for that meal were not seemingly affected because we did not get more. If I were to mention how delectable we found the oatmeal porridge and cream, the bacon and eggs and the toast and coffee at that meal, I am afraid I would be but following in a too well-beaten path of "Rod and Gun" narration, so will take care to carefully sidestep it.

Breakfast over we were soon en route to Mud Lake, really a bay off the river.

With Rod Keller as guide we trolled to the lake skirting the weed beds through Mackenzie Channel. I used a double Star No. 1 troll and a light lancewood rod, George had a steel rod and a single silver spoon. When nearing Mackenzie Channel, George had the first strike, a fair sized muscallonge, but here he encountered his first misfortune and one that proved not the only one of that trip —his light steel rod was too limber with its long tip to properly strike the fish, the latter would almost invariably disengage the hook from its jaw on its leap from the water as soon as hooked—George could not put enough force into his "strike" to properly hook the fish—and he soon came to loathe that rod with a most heartfelt and vindictive loathing.

Shortly afterwards I had the hardest strike with a fish that it had ever been my good fortune to have telegraphed to me along a line. It was a winner. Up to that date I had agreed with other "Rod and Gun" authors in so far as their delight in, and appreciation of, their fishing outings were concerned, but perhaps I lacked a little of their enthusiasm. The feeling of freedom from carking care and worrying work—I had that. The delight in the feeling of physical well-being induced by the keen and clear air—I had that. The corresponding delight in the scenery and beauties of Nature—I had that also. I had it all. But it was not until I had that glorious, albeit vicious, strike that I knew there was no thorn with my rose. My appreciation of the above mentioned sensation was instantly doubled—I felt as enthusiastic re fishing and its accompanying pleasures as the most enthusiastic follower of that game ever felt. Peculiar, isn't it, how a good "strike" will, with the speed of wireless telegraphy, thrill a message into one's brain of such optimistic pleasure that life in general appears all rose-tinted !

He was a fighter—that fish. He kept deep down and fought like a fifteen-pounder. He lived at Burnt Point and he hated to leave it. I might add that he died at Burnt Point, and later on insult was added to injury and he was cooked and eaten at Burnt Point. When he was finally in Rod's landing net he was found to be a seven-pounder ; as to fighting qualities—the best fish I ever caught.

In another three-quarters of a mile we had reached Mud Lake, perhaps the best lunge grounds in the river. It is not really a lake now but might have been in the old days before the Heely's Falls dam flooded acre upon acre. At present Mud Lake is practically a large bay off the main channel. Within twenty minutes of the time we entered the Lake that morning I had caught two more lunge of about the same size as the one I had previously caught off Burnt Point. That was fishing ! the best I had ever experienced. With the one I had caught in the rapids below the falls before breakfast, these completed my complement of four for the day, and I could lay back and enjoy my pipe at piece with all the world. George had not been as lucky — the three strikes he had had were lost because of his rod. When we adjourned to dinner at Burnt Point, Rod soon had the potatoes boiled, the tea made and our friend the gamy lunge fried most appetizingly. We took off our hats to that fish—his gamy fighting qualities were only equalled by his delicious flavor. He was a paragon of all virtues, and we honored him by leaving not a scrap to be ignominously tossed from the frying-pan.

The thunderstorm came up just as we had cleared off the dinner dishes so we pulled the skiff up on shore, turned it over and enjoyed our pipes beneath its shelter while the storm lasted. Then back to Mud Lake and a troll for an hour or so with no success—another heavy thunderstorm and a retreat to Lunch Island for the boat's shelter again. After this storm, which was a very heavy one for a while, had abated and we had been sufficiently overawed by the mosquitoes in our losing fight with them, it was back tc Mud Lake again. As it was getting towards time to return to camp and as George had not been fortunate, Rod and I had a heart to heart talk with him. He received definite instructions to get busy, he had soldiered long enough. I insisted on him taking my rod so he would have no excuse on that score and we surely talked to him like a pair of fathers. This plan worked well for as soon as George perceived the true sense

of his responsibilities he caught a good lunge and followed it up ten minutes later with another. Just about that time I think George had a view through the rose-tinted glasses I had been wearing all day—I am not certain of this but I do know we clinked glasses right there and then.

After supper that evening we enjoyed our pipes in the boat anchored a short distance from camp while we had a fish for bass, using crawfish as bait. We were not very successful but managed to get a couple of fair ones.

The next morning we omitted the before-breakfast attack but got away immediately after breakfast en route to our 'lunge grounds of the day previous. I suggested to Rod that I would like to get a ten-pounder on this particular morning—the last few hours of our short trip. I assured him that one 'lunge of that size would satisfy me. After deliberating over this Rod assured me that personally he had no objection to my getting a ten-pounder, in fact he would rather like to see me get one, but he would guarantee me none until he could ascertain my politics. I began to despair of that fish right away as I had no way of ascertaining his "leanings" so that I could lean accordingly.

In Mud Lake that morning we had several strikes but held all the small ones and lost all the good ones. I got two or three green bass which would weigh from two to two and a half pounds apiece and made some sport, but I lost a couple of good fish, one through my own carelessness in not striking hard enough. It was the same way with George, he landed one undersized 'lunge which Rod promptly returned to the river, and lost at least two large ones. We started for home about eleven o'clock and when a little out from Mud Lake had some excitement. Well out in the main current I had a hard strike in what Rod claimed would be thirty feet of water. It was evidently a large fish but I lost him. In a few minutes Rod called our attention to a 'lunge about fifty feet away going through the water with his head out about ten inches. This was a new sight to both George and myself.

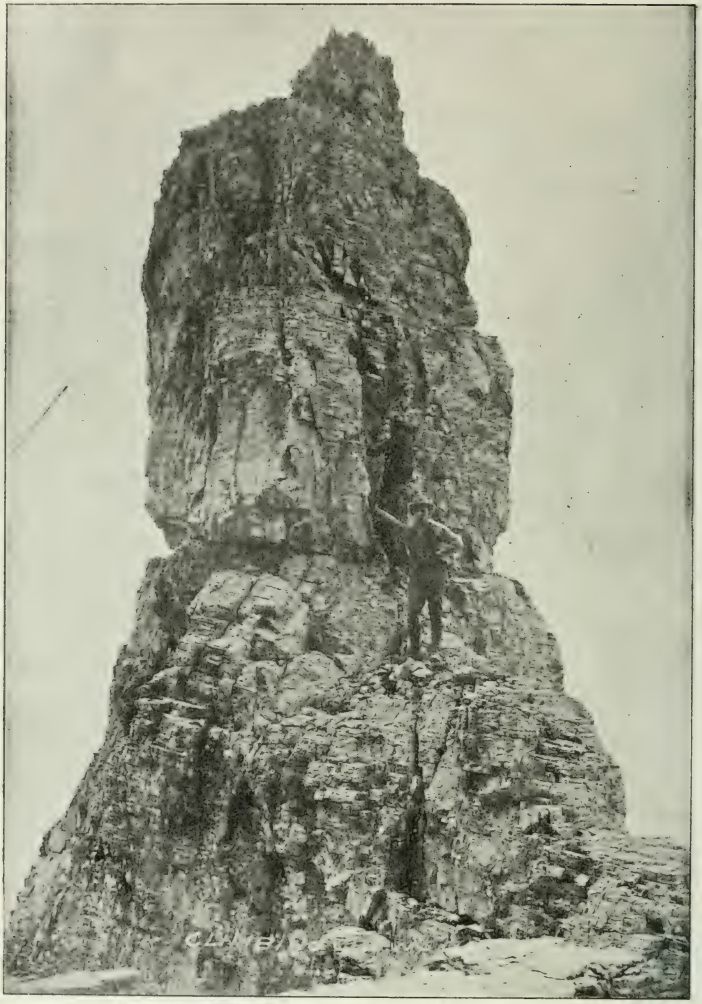
In another minute or so I had another good strike, and this time I held him. He was a dandy and a fighter. We tired him out before Rod slipped the landing-net under him but it took a half-hour to do it. Into the boat he came—"There's your ten-pounder!" said Rod, "Hurrah for Laurier!" said I, "Throw him back! throw him back!" yelled Rod but it was too late then.

That 'lunge with a few bass constituted our morning's catch and George was a little disappointed at his luck when he got back to the boarding house, but we explained to him that he had evidently forgotten to tell Rod in advance what he wanted to catch or he would have gotten it. I had told Rod quite plainly I wanted a ten-pounder and that only, and I got exactly up to the specifications. We advised George to write that down for future use—always let your guide know what you want.

The remainder of the story is soon told—dinner, an hour and a half's drive, then the railway journey home. Our total catch for one and a half days' fishing—seven muscallonge and five bass, a glorious breath of the freshest air and a most enjoyable holiday.

A number of nets were reported stolen from Point Ann on Lake Ontario during the month of June.

The Fish and Game Department of the Ontario Government have chartered the Edna Ivy tug to patrol all the waters from the Georgian Bay to Lake Erie. While engaged in patrol duty at the end of June the first seizure was made. No less than one hundred and forty yards of gill net belonging to some Americans, who were away at the time were found in Lake St. Clair. The Ivy is a forty-five footer and carries a regular crew of five men in addition to Captain Ferriss.



A GENDARME ON CROW'S NEST MOUNTAIN.

With the Campers at the Third Annual Camp.

BY D. B. TAYLOR.

WITHIN a few hundred yards of the spot where the first Alpine Club of Canada was organized nearly a quarter of a century ago, the younger, but more vigorous Alpine Club of Canada, held its third annual camp from July sixth to fifteenth inclusive. The camp was pitched at the summit of Roger's Pass, half a mile west of the Canadian Pacific Railway station bearing that name at an elevation ot over four thousand feet, within sight and comparatively easy reach of a large number of the most famous peaks of the Selkirks, among which might be mentioned Tupper, Hermit, Rogers, Sifton, Grizzly Cheops, Abbot, Dawson, Lookout and Avalanche. Of these, while not the highest, Tupper is the most formidable, having been ascended only once.

Rogers and Hermit were selected for the qualification climbs, the former being 10,536 feet and the latter 10,194 feet. Either was a fair test of endurance and nerve, both of which are necessary qualifications of a successful mountain climber, and the fact that fifty-five graduating members qualified for active membership speaks well for the characteristics of Canadian young men and women.

The organization of the camp, which was personally looked after by the President, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., and his staff could not have been excelled. The members on their arrival found everything in readiness and had nothing to do more than register and be assigned to their respective tents. The next thing was to don knickers or bloomers as the case might be, sweater, puttees and climbing boots, take up their ice-axe or alpenstock and make arrangements for their first climb which was merely a matter of selection as various expeditions, in charge of capable guides, were arranged daily by the President.

In addition to the qualification climbs the expeditions to the Great Illecillewaet Glacier to Marion Lake and Mount Abbott, to the Asulkan Pass, to Mount Avalanche and to the Nikimu Caves (sometimes called Cheops Cave and commonly known as the Cougar Caves) were extremely popular. As each of the trips to these delightful places was accompanied by special experiences of interest it is hoped that the members taking part will furnish Rod and Gun with accounts for the instruction and amusement of their fellow members who found it impossible to take part in all of them.

A Day on Illecillewaet Glacier.

The writer, Rod and Gun's representative, being a novice in the art of mountain climbing, selected for his first ex-

pedition one of the easier climbs but one which promised to be of much interest to one unacustomed to mountains, the trip to the Illecillewaet Glacier. On Tuesday morning, July seventh at nine o'clock two parties left camp together, one bound for Marion Lake and Mount Abbott and the other for the Illecillewaet Glacier. The first part of the journey was along the C. P. R. track to Glacier House one of the most charmingly situated of the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels among the mountains. Here one can sit in full view of the mighty Sir Donald, reaching to a height of 10,808 feet with sides so steep that it holds no snow whatever and looks as though an ascent must be an impossibility.

The Great Illecillewaet Glacier with its huge crevasses and its ever changing colors extends upwards until it merges with the blue dome of heaven above. It is a magnificent sight and tourists getting off the trains here for luncheon as soon as they gaze upon it rush back for their cameras that they may carry away with them snapshots which at the best can give only a faint idea of the real picture. Many easy but interesting trips can be made from here and no one desirous of seeing the mountains should pass through Glacier without spending at least a week or ten days at this comfortable and charming hotel.

At Glacier House our party, consisting of about ten was taken in charge by the careful and well-known Swiss guide, Edward Fuez, Sr. The first part of the ascent was over a pony trail, twice crossing the rushing Illecillewaet torrent by substantially built bridges which are indeed a luxury in mountain regions. The trail at first was easy but gradually became steeper and speaking for myself I began to feel that my legs were full of muscles and would require a great deal of exercise to harden them for mountaineering.

The first real excitement came when we found it necessary to cross one of the numerous mountain torrents. Wishing to profit by the experience of others, I had taken a position near the end of the line and was watching with interest, and a small degree of fear, the various members being assisted across by the guide, when, without a moment's warning, both feet shot from under me and I found myself at the bottom of the steep bank instead of at the top where I had been a second before. The only injury was a slightly bruised finger but this amounted to nothing when compared with the burned neck and hands which developed later.

I profited, however, by the experience and was strongly impressed with the fact that one cannot be too careful as to their footing no matter where they may be among the mountains.

There was some very interesting climbing over and around huge boulders which were piled one on another forming a slope as near vertical as possible. We finally reached the first snow which had been sheltered from the sun by the thick bush surrounding it and here we took our first rest as some of us were beginning to breathe rather rapidly, partly from the exertion and partly from the elevation.

Some more climbing, mostly on rocky or grassy slopes, brought us to a suitable place for refreshments. We halted and the guide removed from his back his ruck sack which until now I had thought contained mysterious articles used in mountain climbing. To my pleasure and satisfaction I learned that it contained nothing more mysterious than a dozen paper bags in each of which were a couple of sandwiches, a piece of cheese and some cake. These with the ice-cold water of the little streams at our side made a most appetizing lunch and we all felt quite refreshed and eager to resume our climb. We were soon on the glacier and a steady ascent up several snow slopes brought us to Perley Rock. Just before reaching this point one of the ladies of the party, who had neither ice-axe nor alpen-stock to assist her, took an unexpected slide down a rather steep snow slope.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Revelstoke, with commendable promptness, started after her to prevent any serious mishap but fortunately she had almost succeeded in gaining control of her downward movement by the time he reached her. Shortly after this two of the ladies were slightly overcome with the exertion and were taken by the guide to a place of perfect

safety where we could again join them in our descent. After this followed the part of the climb which tried the nerve and skill of a beginner, the ascent of Perley Rock. To reach the summit it was necessary to climb several perpendicular cliffs, each of which were higher than one could reach, and to do so with only the smallest toe and finger holds. Add to this the fact that below you at a considerable distance is a long and steep snow slope leading to the glacier and you will have some idea of the situation. The summit was reached safely by all and without the use of a rope, the altitude being 7,873 feet.

Another rest was taken and for a few minutes the scene of grandeur was enjoyed. Glacier House, now distant nearly three miles in a straight line, made a beautiful picture in the valley and the sea of mountain peaks visible from this elevation, two or three thousand feet lower than many of the surrounding mountains, was a scene not soon to be forgotten.

We now began our descent following a ridge of snow from behind the summit to a safe point from which a glissade could be made. Glissading has been described as tobogganing without a toboggan and it is undoubtedly one of the greatest pleasures of mountaineering. At the end of our first glissade the two ladies who had been left behind again joined the party. Having witnessed our performance they anxiously awaited the enjoyment of a similar one and were not kept long in anticipation. Several smaller glissades and tramps over snowfields brought us to the rocks over which we had climbed in the forenoon and we soon hit the trail leading to Glacier House, arriving safely in camp about six o'clock. Weary? Yes, but undoubtedly well repaid for our exertions. This was my first day of mountaineering—a day that shall remain fresh in my memory.

CROSSING TWIN FALLS CREEK.

The Nakimu Caves.

On my return from the Illecillewaet Glacier I was in no hurry to book for the following day, having unusual faith in the quotation "Have no thought of the morrow."

I decided that camp would be good enough for me but when morning came I found that a short walk entirely removed the stiffness of joints and muscles and I was again ready for the trail. I made enquiries of the genial President as to where I might go and he informed me that a party had left shortly before for the Nakimu Caves about eight miles distant, but that the pack train with supplies, this being a two-day trip, and two or three ladies on ponies would be following in a few minutes. I was not long in packing my blankets and a few necessary toilet articles in my dunnage bag and in getting it down to the pack ponies.

About ten o'clock all was in readiness

PARTY OF GRADUATES AND GUIDES RETURNING FROM AN OFFICIAL CLIMB.

and off we started, I being the only one on foot. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten my alpen-stock. Not knowing what was before me and realizing the value of an alpen-stock I decided to go back for it while the pack train continued on its way. This gave the pack train a considerable start but after an hour's hard walking, with an occasional run for a rest, I overtook it, much to my relief as I was afraid that I might get on a wrong trail. One of the drivers, Charlie Logan, who was riding a rather doubtful looking buckskin pony very kindly offered me his place that I might rest after my strenuous exertions. Buckskin, for obvious reasons, was not pleased with the change and while I was getting into the saddle persisted in showing me how he could stand on his hind legs. I wasn't quite sure whether he intended going to the heights above or the depths below. In less than a quarter of an hour I was thoroughly rested and as the trail was now getting steeper I dismounted and again brought up the rear.

ILLECILLEWAIT GLACIER. *Photo Geo. Lane, Jr. and Mary M. Lane*

About noon we overtook the party who had gone ahead, or rather found them waiting in a comfortable place for our arrival. Their pleasure at our advent expressed plainly that it was lunch they were waiting for.

Just at the point where they had waited there was a deep gully down the mountain side and through it quite a rapid stream was running. Just above where the trail crossed the gully the latter was filled with snow through which the water had worn its course leaving an arch the strength of which was very uncertain.

The first pack pony was led across the stream following the trail and it was expected the others would follow. Contrary to expectations, however, the second pony followed by the others, dashed up the gully and crossed safely on the arch of snow. It was extremely interesting

to watch these clever little animals keep to the edge of the snow until they had reached a point where it was safe to cross to the opposite side.

A few hundred yards further on a spot was selected for rest and lunch after which the journey was resumed over a trail with frequent switch backs up the mountain side until finally we began to descend again when we suddenly came to signs of a clearing and habitation. It was about three o'clock and we were all glad to be welcomed by the man who was to be our host for the night, Mr. Charles H. Deutschman, discoverer of the Caves.

Mr. Deutschman, who has followed the life of a prospector in this district, found the first of the caves in September 1904, but did not know their actual extent until the following year. The caves are situated in the Cougar Creek valley which forms part of the Canadian National Park. We were considerably disappointed when informed by Mr. Deutschman that owing to the unusual height of the water he could not show us through the caves that afternoon. He hoped, however, that we should be able to go through the following morning. A splendid supper was enjoyed in Mr. Deutschman's shack which is indeed a work of art, having been planned and built entirely by himself. Opposite his shack a large log cabin of three rooms has been built for the accommodation of visitors. Here we made ourselves comfortable for the night notwithstanding that a disagreeable rain had set in which by the way continued throughout the following day.

On Thursday morning Mr. Deutschman very kindly, and at considerable sacrifice to his personal comfort, took us in two parties through one of the smaller of the caves. The exploration of this was sufficient to repay us for our journey and the soaking we got on account of the high water. Our only regret was that we could not be taken through the Auditorium and the Bridal Chamber, names given to some of the more important sections of the larger caves. Mr. Deutschman's extreme kindness to us, in spite of the fact that we practically took possession of his home for a day and two nights, was much appreciated by every member of the party and all were delighted to see him on his arrival at the Alpine Club camp a few days later.

During our absence an unfortunate accident occurred as a result of which Miss Helen Hatch of Lethbridge lost her life while descending the lower slopes of Mt. Macdonald. Disobeying the instructions of the guide she lost control of her footing and was rolled and tumbled a considerable distance over large boulders. Death must have been almost instantaneous as she had expired before the guide reached her. The place at which the accident happened was not considered in the least dangerous and no blame whatever is attached to the guide. The news of the accident was sent to our party by a special messenger on horse-back but was witheld from all except guide Humme and Mr. S. H. Mitchell, Assistant-Secretary, who was one of our party, until we had made our exploration of the caves.

On Thursday evening we welcomed the arrival of the pack-ponies which were to convey our bedding back to camp and at an early hour Friday morning started on our return trip which was made without any special incidents. Our party, which was the first from the camp to visit the caves, was the envy of every member of the camp as the same rain which had forced us to remain longer than we intended had confined the others to the small circles covered by their tents while we had the luxury of two comfortable cabins with a roaring fire in each.

The Nakimu Caves are undoubtedly worthy of a visit from all tourists and Mr. Deutschman is justly proud of them. As one member of the party put it, "he could not be more proud of them if he had made them himself!"

New Active Members.

The graduating list is a lengthy one and comprise no less than forty-two gentlemen and fifteen ladies. There were two qualification climbs this year and member's had their choice. The majority selected Mt. Rogers and the parties for that ascent were quite large ones no less than twenty-two undertaking the task on one day. This was the largest party sent out at one time, though half the number made the climb the following day. Both climbs were arduous

and those who succeeded well earned their advancement from the graduating to the active list. Two gentlemen made the double climb and thus doubly earned their qualifications.

List of members who made the Qualification Climbs :

July 7th on Mount Rogers.

Rev. Thurlow Fraser, Portage la Prairie
R. L. Gutsell, Winnipeg.
W. G. Hamilton, Calgary.

July 8th on Mount Rogers.

F. G. Webber, Montreal.
T. E. Patteson, Lethbridge.
Miss Patteson, "
F. St. C. Farren, "
Don Forrester, Winnipeg.

W. N. Smith, Medicine Hat.

Miss Patteson was the first lady to graduate at the 1908 Camp, and the third lady to ascend Mount Rogers.

Mr. C. J. M. Gordon of Kelowna, B.C. graduated on Mount Sir Donald on July 8th. Sir Donald is one of the highest peaks in the Selkirks (10,808 ft.) and one of the most difficult to climb.

July 11th on Mount Rogers.

Rev. Loggie Macdonnell, Vernon, B. C.
Mrs. Macdonnell " "
R. H. Rogers " "
W. H. Thompson,
F. A. Dowler,
R. W. Reikie,
A. E. Miller,
Capt. Logan,
R. R. Copeland,
E. Humphreys,
Miss B. L. Parslow,
R. B. Hood,
Miss Stanton,
C. H. Mitchell,
R. J. N. Cooke,
N. Culp,
A. K. Ford,
J. C. Huffman,
Rev. C. O. Main,
Miss Garrow,
Mrs. Logan,
E. M. Burwash

July 12th on Mount Rogers.

G. L. Hoggen,
Miss H. Muckleston,
J. T. D. Pollock,
F. G. Buchanan,
E. L. G. Taylor,
Miss C. M. Greenway,
Miss Grace Greenway,
J. H. Alexander,
T. Morrison,
A. A. McCoubrey,
Miss E. Le Feuvre,

July 12th on Mount Hermit.

C. A. Richardson,
D. B. Taylor,

July 13th on Mount Rogers.

Miss S. L. Foote.
" G. MacFarlane.
" D. M. Maus.
" A. Mackay.
" J. C. MacKay.
A. M. Morrison,
H. Tansley,
A. L. Reading,
K. N. Robbins,

July 13st on Mount Hermit.

T. E. Patteson,
H. H. Worsfold,
F. St. C. Farren,
F. G. Webber.

Trout raising as a municipal enterprise has proved a success at Cardiff in Wales. The Council has large reservoirs for the purpose of supplying the city with water virtually impounded lakes and rivers. It has been found that fishes do much in the way of purifying the water and accordingly fish hatcheries have been established on a considerable scale. From a modest five hundred the business has grown to two hundred thousand and promises to be with the millions. About half the fish are turned into the Corporation reservoirs permission to fish in which is granted upon payment of a fixed fee and the other half sold to stock similar waters in other parts of the country. Profit and pleasure are combined with some little relief to the local taxes.

ON WOLF LAKE, SOUTH OF THE ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK BORDER.

From Algonquin Park to Lake of Bays by Canoe.

AMONG the many delightful canoe trips of which our land of a thousand lakes can boast are two splendid ones from Algonquin Park to Lake of Bays. Neither route is lacking in any of the points which should gladden the heart of the lover of the wilds—the man or woman who really loves Nature and is perfectly contented when he bags a reasonable amount of game. When one is on a canoe trip how it is possible to use more than ten or twelve fish a day? Why should one catch more than his share and defraud the man who comes next?

We had heard of Crown and Wolf Lakes, so decided to make the trip from Algonquin Park to Lake of Bays, via these lakes.

Having partaken of a good, large, wholesome meal at the "Highland Inn," a comfortable cottage hotel commanding a splendid view of Cache Lake, we hunted up our guide and all hands set to work to repack our outfit for portaging. This is no easy matter as everything must be taken from boxes and repacked in various sizes of cotton bags.

When we got through we had, instead of what looked like a second hand store, four or five neat flour bags with a (carrying) tump line on each.

The novice in the woods is easily spotted by his paper parcels, wooden boxes and heavy camp stove.

Next morning early as the sun came peeping over the hills, we carefully loaded our canoes and stole silently out o'er

the placid waters of the beautiful Cache Lake.

As we moved so silently and swiftly along, there came to me such a strange feeling — surely not that of conscious selfishness—No ! And still a tinge of sadness crept into my heart, for I could not help thinking of those who may never realize or enjoy, for even a day, the wonderful charm of our Ontario Highlands.

My heart at the time was within the walls of the crowded hospitals of the large cities where the air has been used over and over again. I gazed all about me on this fair summer morning and thanked God as I inhaled the purest of air that he allowed me to enjoy the beauties of this Paradise of our North Country.

As we made the mouth of the Madawaska, we heard a sudden splash and knew at once that we had rounded a sharp point almost on top of a beaver who was enjoying his early morning meal of succulent alder or juicy poplar bark.

Skirting the shore of the river we saw in front of us a large buck, which appeared to take as much interest in us as we did in him. He stood until we could plainly see his soft dark eyes.

Reaching White Lake we threw an archer troll overboard, and before our first portage was reached, had a fine two pound trout for lunch.

LUNCH ON THE SHORES OF CROWN LAKE.

The portage from White Lake into Beaver Pond is short and easy and one can well afford a few minutes to inspect the wonderful beaver dam which holds this body of water back. Fancy these little creatures creating lakes for their own purposes !

Our next portage was a short one into Little Island Lake—a gem, where one could easily spend a whole week if time

permitted. We had some very excellent fishing here, catching both brook and salmon trout.

The next day we again "hit the trail" and our first portage — a short one— brought us to little Kootchie Lake and then to Smoke Lake over a half mile trail.

Smoke Lake is a grand sheet of water four miles long and one-half to a mile wide. This is truly the home of the big lake trout, for, with the copper line and live minnow, we had no trouble in landing some beauties.

From Smoke to Ragged Lake is not a long portage but there is a chink of a hill attached to the first part of the trail which forces one to fill the lungs to their fullest of that life-giving air, whether he will or no.

Ragged Lake is full of surprises but we resisted and passed on up a creek to the south and soon reached the two mile portage which leads to Crown Lake—the promised land. When we reached it a vision of beauty lay smiling before us in the form of a crystal-like body of water, jewelled with just enough islands to set it off. Here is where we had our best fishing, nothing but brook trout and of a uniform large size. They took both fly and bait and gave us grand sport.

From Crown to Wolf Lake there is a very short portage.

STUDYING THE ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK MAP.

We had very good fly fishing in Wolf Lake. It's waters are as clear as though distilled. Its shores and islands are covered with virgin pines and, when "the night wind wanders free" through those grand old monarchs of the forest, a sublime melody is heard by those who have ears, a melody which will soon be but a memory.

From Wolf Lake to Trout Lake there is a portage of four miles, which may be made by team.

At Trout Lake there is a beautiful little farm by the shore where one may have wholesome country fare, and in the lake itself there is a goodly supply of brook trout. What could be more acceptable to the weary, healthy portager, than a few days' rest in this secluded little spot in the heart of the wilds, where fresh butter and milk and all sorts of luscious wild berries may be had for a song.

The next lake we made was Poverty—it may be poor in fish, we did not try our luck, then came Fletcher, a very crooked lake of four miles in length.

Skin, Porridge and Crosier are small lakes but are said to hold a fair stock of fish.

As the sun dipped over the western hills, we came out to a beautiful sandy beech on the shore of Hardwood Lake. We would have spent a few days here but, unfortunately were cramped for time. From Hardwood Lake to Hoovers Lake is about two miles and from the latter to Lake of Bays one mile. As this point is only about one mile along the lake to Dorset, we found it most convenient to paddle down to a good, comfortable hotel there. Next morning we boarded the steamer, which is a marvel of comfort to be found in the heart of our Highlands, and took that delightful trip down the Lake of Bays to the Wawa Hotel.

The other route I would mention is to Lake of Bays via the North Muskoka River. If we start from Cache Lake we will most likely camp on Molly Island—Smoke Lake.

From here we run down Smoke Creek to South Tea Lake. At the dam at the foot of South Tea Lake I have had, at certain seasons of the year, some very good fly fishing. The river itself is most picturesque and opportunities for making good photographs are innumerable. The first portage is at Whiskey Falls, a rough turbulent rapid at the foot of which brook trout may be caught with fly.

Directly inland—north—about half a mile, lies West Lake, a clear body of spring water, which harbors some of the finest brook trout I have ever seen. The last trout I caught in this lake weighed three and a quarter pounds, and measured twenty-one and a half inches long.

At different points along the river the fishing is very fair. At the south west corner of the Park the south branch of the North Muskoka runs into the main stream, and high up its waters I have had excellent fishing.

From the river we drop into Ox tongue Lake and finally come out at Dwight on the Lake of Bays.

Fom the "Highland Inn" to the "Wawa" will certainly become a favourite route when better known.

Scientific Travellers in Alaska.

A zoological expedition to Alaska sent out by the Smithsonian Institution last season and conducted by C. W. Gilmore, of the United States National Museum, has brought back, besides interesting imformation, many fragments of bones of early animals of varieties no longer living there. Although there is not in the lot material from which can be constructed ancient genera hitherto unknown, the specimens show that over Alaskan fields, at a period long before man arrived on earth, roamed mammoths, several kinds of buffalo, musk oxen, sheep, moose, caribou, horses and bears. Beaver also built their dams along the rivers.

Ever since Otto von Kotzebue, nearly a century ago, brought back from Alaska few pieces of skulls and bones of strange extinct beasts, men of science have looked upon that region as a possible source of information concerning the early ancestors of our northern American animals. Much has been written about it. Little systematic work was done, however until 1904, when the Smithsonian Institution sent out its first expedition under A. G. Maddern. This trip was so fruitful that the institution last season despatched a second expediton in charge of C. W. Gilmore, which, while following a certain itinerary, was to search for the remains of large extinct vertebrate animals and

to investigate the causes leading to their extinction.

The party was gone in all about four months, during which nearly the entire length of the Yukon River was covered and several of its tributaries partly explored. Close upon 1,400 miles of the distance was traveled by canoe.

The course was laid through Skagway, on the upper part of the river, by train to White Horse, then by steamer through Dawson to Rampart, whence came some ancient bison skulls now in United States National Museum. Rampart marked the beginning of the long journey by canoe. For thirty or forty miles below Rampart the Yukon flows between walls of older rocks at from five to six miles an hour, tumbling faster and faster down toward the rapids. But the rapids once passed, Fort Gibbon is reached, below which lie the now wellknown Palisades dubbed in that region the "boneyard" for from it have been dug broken remnants of many early beasts.

The party here spent two days gathering remains from the frozen cliffs 150 to 200 feet high. The almost perpendicular faces of the cliffs are being continually undermined by the swift current. Large masses break off, many times with a startling report, and splash as they fall into the water below. "Often during the stay here", says Mr. Gilmore, "the report sounded so like the firing of a gun that we were startled by the sharpness of it."

The party paddled on, however, in search of larger game, and at the mouth of the Nowitna river, information gained from an intelligent Indian, who had visited the headwaters of this stream on hunting excursions, that he had seen "big horns and other big bones" on the river bars and had picked up the "shank bone" of some large animal, lured them into a side trip up the river. Three days up the travelling turned bad, and a cache had to be made of all articles not absolutely needed.

The party struggled up the Nowitna river for nine days, hunting for the source of all the pieces of ancient bones found washed down from places somewhere above. No settlers were met with and only an occasional deserted winter cabin of a lonely trapper showed that man had ever scrambled along the banks or pushed a paddle in the stream. Food began to give out so that they were forced to turn back before reaching the headwaters. The side trip, however, was not without results, from nearly every bar searched was taken a fragment or a complete element of a skeleton representing such extinct forms as the mammoth, bison and horse.

Stopping at Mouse Point and at Kokrines, an Indian settlement and trading post, they paddled down into a region of towering cliffs, in places the banks rise 200 to 250 feet, and from them were taken now and then a skull or a tusk or a tooth of some forgotten animal. Anvik was visited and then Andreafski, where the canoe trip ended. The rest of the journey was on steamer to St. Michael, Nome, and finally Seattle.

It was found that the scattered remains of the very early animals occur through the heart of Alaska not constantly covered by ice and snow in three quite distinct deposits : First, in the black muck accumulated in gulches and the valleys of the smaller streams; second, in the fine elevated clays of early origin, know as the Yukon silts and Kowak clays, and third, in the more recent deposits along the banks of streams. These specimens have been either washed out by the process of erosin or dug by miners in search of gold.

The fossil bones secured came from localities on the Bonanza Creek, Little Minook Creek, the Palisades of the Yukon, the Nowitna River, the Yukakakat river and the Klalishkakat river.

In connection with the "boneyard" of the Palisades, and with Elephant Point, further north, it has been thought that there might be enough ivory in old imbedded mammoth tusks to pay for its excavation and shipping for commercial purposes, as is the case in some localities of Siberia. In fact, mammoth tusks for a good many years have been an important export of Siberia. But the Alaskan remains are not in as fresh a state of preservation and until a few years ago it is said, a man would not take a tusk as a gift. Now they are used to manufacture curios of different sorts.

A Fox Hound Performs an Unusual Feat.

BY PARK CROSSLEY.

HAVING always been interested in dogs, and having for some years bred French bulls and Boston terriers I was ready enough to try a fox hound when chance threw him in my way. The animal proved so good in every way that he speedily took an acknowledged position in my establishment and I would not now part with him for anything that could be offered me.

Ring, as the hound was named, proved a master of fox hunters and last fall we obtained nineteen in four weeks ahead of this dog. On one of these occasions he ran down and killed a red fox. Mr. Jim Cooper, of Bracebridge, Ont. and I had him out hunting. We were just about to separate in order to watch a couple of runways when we spied Mr. Fox and the dog coming directly for us. We had been on a burnt rock hill and moved a bit out of the way. In a second, as it seemed, the fox passed just where we had been standing, with Ring so close to him that we could not shoot. The ridge of burnt rock ran into a fence protecting an open field. Here the fox lost a second going under the rails while Ring closed up and landed right on him. All we could see was the soft snow flying as Mr. Fox got his shaking. When we reached and climbed the fence we found him dead, his neck, I think, having been broken.

Mr. Cooper is an old hand at trapping, hunting and fishing and he told me that he had never before heard of a dog catching a fox that was not hurt or disabled in some way. The speed at which they passed us showed that the fox must have been in good shape. When we skinned him we could not find a hole in the pelt with the exception of two teeth marks in the neck. Clearly the fox had not been shot and from our observations he was in a healthy state.

On three other occasions we had to forego shots at foxes ahead of Ring because the dog was only half a jump behind the fox and we did not wish to take chances with a shotgun.

The incident related is so unusual, in this district at least, that I think it should prove interesting to your many readers.

A FAMOUS FOX HOUND.

Since the above was written Ring appeared at the Toronto Kennel Club show on Dominion day and captured the bronze medal offered by the Canadian Kennel Club for the best American fox hound in the Show. Competent authorities state that very few show dogs can hunt, and on the other hand few that can hunt are any good to show.

A Northern Ontario Moose Hunt.

BY S. R. DUBRIE.

AFTER hearing heart breaking stories of how moose were throwing the trains off the track and chasing the miners to the tall timber in the Cobalt country, we decided that our annual hunting trip could be in no other place than that country.

In August 1906 we began getting ready and although we did not intend to leave until the tenth of October, we were picking out and deciding on our guns. There were five in the party, three of whom were old timers at the game. We had hunted the Parry Sound and Magnetawan districts for several seasons and had always used rifles of a large calibre. But this time we were going into a country where there was lots of walking to be done and weight had to be taken into consideration. I had always used a 45-90 Winchester, but had decided not to carry as heavy a gun another season (although we were going after big game) and purchased a .303 Savage. The arguments in its favor were that it was hammerless, well balanced and very light, and later proved to be strong enough for any game on the continent, as a well directed ball from a .303 Savage rifle will dispatch a moose at as long a range as is practical with any gun.

All summer our camp outfit was looked after, gotten out, aired, brushed up a little and then rammed back in the den.

At last the tenth of October arrived. We boarded the train at Windsor, and at four p. m. we were off. We arrived at Toronto at ten o'clock and thirty minutes later we had changed cars and were aboard the sleeper. We arrived in North Bay early next morning and to our surprise found ourselves in about one inch of snow that had fallen during the night, the first of the season. We changed cars at North Bay and arrived in Temagami at two p. m. Here we had some amusement. An old hunter who had come all the way from Windsor on the same train we did, and had told us how to hunt, met his Waterloo at Temagami. As this was October eleventh and the season north of the Canadian Pacific Railway did not open until the fifteenth and no guns are allowed in the Temegami district during the close season, the game warden meets every train. As Mr. Windsor Wind Bag stepped off the train the game warden reached for the guns. Wind Bag believing him to be a transfer man handed them to him. However, he soon changed his attitude when the game warden gave him a claim check and told him he could get his guns on the fifteenth. As Windy had intended to go up Temegami several miles he was compelled to cancel his engagements with Bro. Moose and wait in Temagami until the fifteenth.

We arrived in Cobalt on the Muskeg, Limited, at three thirty and at New Liskeard shortly before sundown. Here we promply started buying our provisions, and to our surprise paid much less for groceries than we would have paid at home.

As the train from New Liskeard to Englehart only ran twice a week when it did go, we were compelled to lay over in New Liskeard two days. As one of our party, D. J. Lamont, had a couple of silver claims in Burke township, four miles west of Haileyburry we decided to spend part of our time going out there and seeing his mines, which are very rich with silver.

At last the Englehart Express backed into the station and our baggage was put aboard by ourselves, as the train crew were busy putting the engine on the track, as it had jumped off, and it repeated this trick five or six times in the forty mile run from New Liskeard to Englehart. We were seven hours on this forty mile run and reached Englehart at eight p. m. The town at that time consisted of a small board shack for a depot and one hotel made of rough lumber with cracks half an inch wide between each board. About fifty people got off the train and the hotel was almost out of

grub as their supply had not arrived when they expected them. Consequently we had cold potatoes and bread for supper, our provisions being stored away where we could not get at them.

The beds were filled, two or three in a bed, so we could not get one bed. The writer slept in the barber's chair and the rest of the gang on the pool table, after it was abandened for the night, which was about two o'clock in the morning. We hustled out of the feathers early so as to be the first at the table and get the first bun. Right here we had a good laugh. One of the party who was over clean wanted to wash, so he stepped up to a man (a backwoodsman) who was hustling for the hotel and asked "Where is your toilet room ?" The man replied It's out back of the house," Our man said "Is it outdoors ?" and the woodsman in his turn asked "Did you think it was in the house ?"

From Englehart to Hudson Bay the railroad is being built by C. R. McDonald. At that time the end of steel was at McDougalls Chutes which is about fifty miles north of Englehart. Lake Sasakenika, thirty-five miles from Englehart, was our camping ground, and the greatest moose country in the world. Many experiences can be had between Englehart and Sasakenika. We were twelve hours making this thirty-five miles and the train was running most of the time. Our parlor car consisted of an old furniture car which would not haul furniture any more, so it was put on this run, windows cut in, board seats put in and flavored with Dagoes.

We reached Sasakenika at six o'clock in the evening and gave the engineer and conductor a little money to stop at the south side of the lake. We could have got the baggage off all right while the train was going, but we wanted it all in the same pile.

We pitched the tent on the shores of the lake, got our birch fire crackling, and soon smelled the beautiful perfume of bacon. We had a hearty meal, a peaceful pipe, crawled into our sleeping bags and were more comfortable than we had been since leaving home. D. J. Lamont, A. Lamont and the writer having hit the trail many times before, put in a sound night, but the two tenderfoots could not sleep as their blood was chilled by a lynx which had been calling near the camp early in the evening.

Early the next morning everyone was astir and while the cook was busy getting breakfast we were cutting down trees and making a raft as we wanted to camp at the other end of the lake which was seven miles away and it was almost impossible to get there any other way than by water. After breakfast everybody got busy at the raft and at ten a. m. the bottle was broken and everybody climbed aboard. As the lake was a little rough a platform had been built in the centre of the raft to keep the provisions dry. We were off. We might easily have been mistaken for a tribe of Kickapoo Indians. As the lake is very shallow, averaging about twelve feet we enjoyed the trip. Lake Sasakenika is a beautiful lake, seven miles long and five miles wide and is studded with over a hundred islands and proved to be literally alive with fish.

We reached the west end of the lake about two p. m., as dodging so many islands almost doubled the distance. On landing, an ideal camping spot was soon found and arrangements started for our permanent camp. Two days were consumed in building a log cabin. As we intended staying four weeks and wanted the shack for future use we did the job well and had comfortable quarters. After our first day's labor the Indian summer came on and made the weather undesirable for hunting as it was too warm to do any walking at all. We decided to try fishing but could not get any bait other than pork so we did not catch a fish. After failing in this we took the raft, dubbed Noah's Ark, and did a little exploring and poling around the lake. When we were near the east end of the lake we noticed a small prospector's tent which had been abandoned for the winter. Back of the tent we found some dynamite, caps and fuse which we took along. As the dynamite was very wet we did not think it would go off but after our return to camp we scarcely knew what to do with it and for safety's sake threw it into the lake. We were afraid if we attempted to let it off on land some one would

be injured by the flying rocks. To our great surprise the dynamite exploded and brought up about half a bushel of the finest pickerel I have ever seen and killed hundreds of minnows which we promptly gathered in. We took the minnows and started out to fish and with this bait we could hardly get our line into the water when out would come splendid pickerel.

One week after camp was settled the weather changed much in our favor and everyone in camp was making ready to begin hunting in earnest. The writer and Duncan J. Lamont, having hunted before, decided to hit the trail together. Our provisions were carefully packed and were in the tump line early on the morning of October twenty-fourth. We took a westerly direction and remained away from camp for four days. Moose signs were seen in plenty and we spent much time in trying to locate their quarters. The second day we ran across caribou tracks but as they were old we paid little attention to them. On the third day we were making a circuit towards camp when we came across a small lake which was cut up with moose tracks. As we thought they would come there in the night we crawled into our sleeping bags not far from the lake and waited. About three in the morning they came, drank, played in the water, and got out again before it got light enough to see them. From the noise they made a person might think that they were tearing up the water. As our provisions were almost gone we decided not to follow them but to return to camp and come back later.

Two days later we were back tracking to our little lake. At night five inches of snow fell which we hoped would aid us in getting a fresh track. We lay down at the lake again but no moose came, so we started down the valley hoping to run across a track as we had found a meadow a few days before. About three in the afternoon we ran across a fresh trail—three cows, one calf and a bull. We stopped, took out the field glasses and made a survey of the country and tried to see if we could locate them in a swamp for which they might be making. As we could see nothing we took the tracks and proceeded with caution. As we were in a muskeg country it was hard to tell where we might jump them. The wind being much in our favor we followed until shortly after four o'clock when we decided to prepare for the night. Early next morning we were on the trail using our glasses continually. About ten o'clock we came to where the bull left the flock and started in another direction. On following his tracks cautiously we noticed in the distance, at the bottom of a swamp, a small clump of bushes and his tracks making directly for them. It was about a mile to the bushes and we could see everything between them and us, but experience had taught us that this was a good cover for moose. After a long search with the glasses we decided to separate and work past the swamp, one on each side. The wind was blowing toward us and this gave us an excellent chance. As we parted I began to feel that I was soon going to have a chance to test the merits of my Savage rifle. When we were about half a mile from the swamp Duncan jumped the cows and not having a good view of them he was unable to tell whether they were cows or bulls but thought he had picked a bull. His Savage spoke four times but all balls went astray. This shooting took my attention from the swamp and I stood watching across the valley trying to see what I could discover.

The shooting had started the bull from the swamp and he was making directly for me and was within four hundred yards from me when the thought struck me to look. He was coming on with that trot that only a moose can trot and under full speed with head thrown back and nostrils open. It was the prettiest sight that I have ever seen. When within two hundred and fifty yards he changed his course and gave me a broadside shot. As I believe the neck shot to be the most fatal for any big game I drew a bead for this spot. My Savage spoke and he went down but was on his feet instantly turning as he arose giving me nothing but a hip shot. My Savage spoke again and he went down to stay. The ball grazed the back, entered the back of the neck, went through the neck and lodged in the skin just under the jaw. This shot was made at two hundred and seventy-five yards with a .303 Savage and

surprised me with its power. The moose had a spread of sixty-seven inches and would weigh close to eighteen hundred pounds. I have the antlers before me as I write with the battered bullet that did the work hanging from a prong.

After firing the signal shots Duncan came over to me with a look of anxiety that I will never forget. He was filled with as much joy as I when he saw the prize and the first words he said were "And you did it with that little gun !" We took off the head, a supply of steak for the camp and the liver as we wanted to be sure that the wolves and bears did not get all. We hung the head, part of the steak and the liver in a tree, then cooked our supper and camped for the night. Next morning we were on our way to camp early.

It was warmer, the sun was hot and the snow was melting which made walking very hard. We were not looking for game now so we made much better time than we did going out and arrived in camp about eight in the evening. Just as we were going into the cabin Duncan slipped and sprained his ankle slightly which made it impossible for him to do any hunting for three or four days.

When we entered the shack we were taken by the arms and led outside to a head that Alec had secured that day. It measured thirty-six inches. Of course, he did not know that we had the real thing. When we informed him that it would take another one like that placed along side of it to equal the spread of ours he said "You have got to show me !" and this we did the following day.

We were up at five the next morning leaving Duncan with the cook. We back tracked and got to the prize at sundown. On our way we discovered a large bear track within a mile of our shack which we passed intending to take up later. When we arrived at the prize everyone was surprised at the size and the next morning when I showed Alec the distance at which I had killed him he said "This is the last season that I will carry a heavy gun !"

Next day we made sleighs and started with the head and a hind quarter, also taking the porter house. We were a day and a half reaching camp but we had nothing to regret. We took a three days' rest and amused ourselves with tracking the bear that we had noticed close to camp and with tossing whiskey jacks.

One day as the writer came up to the shack from the lake he noticed Duncan sitting on a log with an axe on his shoulder watching something. Being anxious to see what he was doing I stood still and watched. Pretty soon I saw him strike and then a bunch of feathers shot up over the trees and then he very nearly split with laughter but I couldn't see yet what it was. When I went up and asked him what he was doing, he said "I learned this trick when you fellows were after moose. This was all I could do with my ankle as it was." He had a pole about twenty feet long with a piece of bacon tied on; balanced about three feet from the other end over a small log. As whiskey jacks are very tame and have no brains they would jump on the bacon when Duncon would hit the pole with the axe and up would go the jack.

The shock would sting his feet so much that they would be numb and when he would try to alight in a tree he would fall to the ground and lie there and look at his feet. As soon as he was able he would fly right back to the "jinney sting er" as Duncan called it and be ready for another trip. After that some one would be there with the axe all the time as there were a couple of dozen jacks hanging around.

Our next sport was with Bruin. He had succeeded in getting an eight pound piece of bacon from the roof of the shack one night and right here the Indian guide showed us a trick. He walked eight miles to an old railroad camp and got an old pork barrel and some old spikes. He sharpened the spikes with a file and drove them in all around the barrel just below the top hoop so they pointed downward. He then nailed a small piece of bacon in the bottom of the barrel, and threw the barrel in a little swamp back of the camp. The first night Bruin did not put in an appearance. The second night he came and early in the morning the Indian informed us that he had the bear. Everybody hustled out of their bags and down to the swamp. His antics had the whiskey jacks outdone every time. As he was unable to get the

bacon with his paws, he crawled clear in and took hold with his mouth and then when he backed up the spikes drove into him and he was a prisoner. He would stand up on his hind legs and start to run with the barrel over his head. He would bump into a tree and take a back summersault and would let out a roar that would raise a man's hair straight on end. When we saw he could not get out of the barrel we tied a rope to his hind leg and tied him to a tree and tried to get the barrel off. But it was of no use. We had to shoot him through the barrel and break the barrel to pieces to get it off. He weighed over four hundred pounds. We then had roost bear paw for supper and roast heart and bear stews for days.

After the three days' rest we were off again, Duncan's ankle having got into condition so that he could travel. We took a north east course, crossing the railroad before noon, and by four in the afternoon Duncan despatched as fine a specimen of a caribou as I have ever seen. It weighed close on four hundred pounds and was exceptionally fat. We treated the animal, hung it up and camped for the night. We were three days getting help and getting the carcass to the railroad and as the snow was getting deep we decided to break camp. Winter was settling in in this northern country and a three day's blizzard kept us housed. The lake was frozen over with four inches of ice and we sleighed the prizes and baggage down the lake. We were not across the lake when another blizzard set in and lasted for three days more. We were very comfortable, however, in our tent among some balsams on the shore.

McDonald's Express hadn't been along for a week so we did not know how long we would have to wait. Two of the party walked eight miles to the gravel pit and were informed that the train would be up the next morning and would stop for us.

They were true to their promise and at noon the next day we bid good bye for one year to beautiful Lake Sasakenika

Four days later we arrived home after an absence of six weeks, bringing with us two fine specimens of the moose family and as fine a caribou as ever walked.

Our two tenderfoot companions were sad but much wiser. They had hunted with a vim but without the experience which is absolutely necessary. While they had shot away loads of cartridges at a target at home, they were unable to rise early enough in the morning to get a chance at the real thing.

The death of Grover Cleveland recalls to mind the fact that he was a fisherman of no mean order. "There was no joy to him like the joy of a stream, the woods and the hills." This is the testimony of a personal friend. In addition to many contributions to the periodical press, Mr. Cleveland wrote a book entitled "Fishing and Shooting Sketches". The following specimens of its philosophy will commend this work to all our readers: The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more for humanity than the strenuous people. Fishing stories are always to be believed. It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act. There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth in this democratic country of ours would be infinitly improved if a large share of the time which has been devoted to concoction of trusts and business combinations had been spent fishing. The biggest fish are always lost. Fishermen necessarily see and do wonderful things. If those not members of the fraternity are unable to assimilate the recital of these wonders, it is because their believing apparatus has not been properly regulated and stimulated. Daniel Webster's most thrilling oratorical flights were composed while wading waist deep and casting flies. No man can be a completely good fisherman unless he is generous, sympathetic and honest.

A Fine Salmon Trout.

A short time ago Factory Inspector George McLean and Mr. C. H. Pember, of Hartford, Conn. came to Canada on a fishing trip. They had heard of the wonderful, advantages held out to fishermen in the Algonquin National Park and accordingly, by means of the efficient Grand Trunk System, made their way to its borders.

They first fished in Crown Lake not far from the Park and were successful in obtaining some good sized brook trout. They were not satisfied however, because they had to troll for their fish as they would not take the fly.

Entering the Park and proceeding to Smoke Lake, their fishing made up for all past deficiencies. They caught big salmon trout that gladdened their hearts and Inspector McLean was fortunate enough to secure one of eighteen pounds. After playing it for a considerable time the landing net was brought into use and the fish still had enough spirit left to effect an escape. Fortunately the line held and with the assistance of four men in two canoes the big one was finally landed. For a time, however, there was keen excitement and it was a mighty relief when the big one was safe. After that not so much was thought of the ten pounders though these were not to be despised.

In order that friends at home might not think these stories exaggerated, the eighteen pounder and some of the ten pounders were taken out and doubters were shown the evidence.

Good reports have been received during the whole of the fishing season as to results in Algonquin Park and it is evident that in the years to come this will prove a great national playground throughout which thousands of fishermen and lovers of the out of doors may find pleasant occupations.

As the people's park such testimonies to its extended use are very welcome and are accepted as proof of the wisdom which led to this huge tract of country being set aside forever, to the material benefit of the Province and all its inhabitants.

FACTORY INSPECTOR MACLEAN

And his Eighteen Pound Salmon Trout—Caught in Smoke Lake, Algonquin National Park, Grand Trunk Railway System.

A Missouri farmer has succeeded in protecting quail and largely increasing his supply by planting sugar cane along the hollows of his farm and allowing it to stand for the winter. The Canadian farmer can follow this example in principle, if not literally, and the results will prove beneficial to himself and neighbors.

THE NOVA SCOTIAN GUIDES AT THEIR SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

Nova Scotian Guides and Fish and Game Protection.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Nova Scotian Guides' Association was held at Kempt on Tuesday, July the seventh. Guides and others interested in fish and game protection from all over the Province were present and in addition to the transaction of much important business several mattters of deep interest to all who believe in the conservation of our natural resources were discussed. When the roll was called the following guides responded to their names :—J. H. Sabean, R. H. Bower, A. L. Bower, E. F. Walton, Mathew Crowell, Melvin H. Reeves, O. P. Roberts, O. R. Roberts, Alfred Forbes, Roy C. Hamilton, Norman Crowell, Ezra Gray, Judson Gray, N. B. Hatfield, D. J. Marlin, John H. Cook, John M. Muise, Forman H. Gravel, Ralph Crowell, John Frauten, Stayley Morton, Sylvanus Crowell, Leonard Morton, Ellison Gray, Samuel W. Marlin, L. D. Mitchell.

The protection of cow moose, introduced by Mr. Roy S. Kelley, was the first subject under discussion and many expressed their views on the question, the majority favoring a close season for five years. Ultimately, on the motion of Ezra Gray, seconded by John H. Cook the following resolution was adopted :—

Whereas the association at its last annual meeting passed a resolution strongly recommending a close season for cow moose in this province.

And whereas the local government has not seen fit to take action in this matter,

And whereas we are still of the opinion that the best way to protect and increase our moose is by prohibiting the killing of cows,

Therefore, resolved that in the opinion of this association a law should be enacted prohibiting the killing of cow moose in the province of Nova Scotia for five years,

Further resolved that this resolution be printed and copies of the same be sent to our local representatives, the chief game commissioner, J. A. Knight, Halifax and to the secretary of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia, also to the Secretary of the Yarmouth branch of the same.

From moose to salmon was an easy transition, nets aud weirs in the Tusket River being the first phase of the matter to be considered.

Secretary Roy S. Kelley introduced the subject by stating that he had received many letters from Americans asking about the salmon fishing on the Tusket and other rivers. What reply could he make ? There was today no salmon fishing in the county.

Mr. Uhlman, Carleton, told of conditions as recently as forty years ago. In one season members of the Club Farm caught 40 fine salmon in the pool below their house. Now the pool is full of sawdust and no fish coming, excepting an occasional straggler, the rivers were full of nets from salt water to their sources or blocked with dams past which no fish could go, and yet there were good and sufficient laws to prevent this outrage on the public and this ruthless destruction of a once valuable industry. He also spoke of the dam four miles further up the river and at the French Mills, and to this hitherto prime spawning ground, the best on the river, such fish as could get past nets, scoops, etc., had now no access. Only one dam on the river, that owned by Annis Bros., had a fish ladder.

Mr. John Muise related that quite recently, being at the famous salmon pool below falls, with an American tourist, Mr. Brown, the place was so full of sunken logs and works used by river drivers and sawdust that Mr. B. gave up his trip in disgust, went home saying that next year he would go elsewhere.

Samuel W. Marlin thought the dams on the river were responsible for the whole trouble. Under present conditions he declared, it was also impossible for alewives to get up the river. The alewife he said was the poor man's fish.

George D. Blackadar urged a free right of way for salmon and other fish. No dams should be constructed unless proper

fishways were placed therein. He called attention to the fact that the Yarmouth Street Railway Co., was about to build a dam on the Carleton river and asked if steps were being taken to see that a fishway was constructed in connection with it.

E. F. Walton was inclined to think that the fish traps at the mouth of the river were responsible for the trouble.

The following resolution moved by Roy S. Kelley and seconded by J. M. Muise was agreed to :—

Whereas, the rivers and lakes of Yarmouth county, in the province of Nova Scotia, have heretofore furnished an abundant supply of all kinds of native fish, and our inland fisheries have been a very valuable asset to the people of this county, and are yet capable, under proper protection of so continuing.

And whereas, in late years, this supply has alarmingly decreased and it is feared unless stringent measures are adopted for propagation and preservation of those fisheries, they will in a short time become extinct, for the following reasons :

(a) To obstructions in the rivers, lakes and streams such as closed dams (having no proper fish ways or ladders) weirs and overcrowding of nets and traps in the different portions of our rivers, particularly in the tidal waters at the entrance of the same, thus preventing the fish that frequent these streams from reaching their natural spawning ground the lakes and head waters of the rivers.

(b) To the dumping of sawdust in the rivers and lakes.

(c) The netting of trout and salmon and other game fish in lakes and non-tidal waters.

(d) The lack of proper enforcement of such regulations as are already provided for the protection of these fish.

And whereas the federal government has recently placed a large number of salmon and trout fry in the streams of this county, and every possible means should be taken for the preservation of these fish.

Therefore resolved that in the opinion of this association no nets, weirs, traps or other contrivances for taking fish, be set or placed in the Tusket River above Hubbard's point and Lent's Island nor in any part of the Argyle or Salmon Rivers nor nearer the mouth of these rivers than one fourth of a mile, provided that nothing be done to prevent the dipping of fish, (except salmon) on any of these rivers, for more than three days in each week.

Further resolved that this resolution be printed and copies of same sent to our Ottawa representative, the secretary of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia and to the secretary of the Yarmouth Branch of the same.

Mr. Mitchell, of Mill Village, next described the trouble on the Port Medway River. Mr. Dwyer, of Halifax, owns a strip 33 feet long on both sides of the river. Mr. Laurie Mack, a guide, coming down stream in a boat with Mr. Rising, St. John, anchored there and fished in a pool between the banks of Mr. Dwyer's property. Mr. Dwyer's agent, Mr. Chase, ordered him off. He refused to go. A lawsuit followed, and the case is before the Courts. If this case goes against Mr. Mack, to qoute a wealthy American, "every salmon and trout fishing privilege along the southern coast of Nova Scotia will soon be in the hands of private individuals." Subscriptions are coming from many and varied sources to help Mr. Mack carry on this contest. The enormous importance of this case to every man, woman and child cannot be over estimated. Though the Game Associations all over the Province are backing Mr. Mack, it is hoped that there will be material assistance in fighting this, the people's battle, from every section of the public.

The following resolution was moved by Roy S. Kelley, seconded by N. B. Hatfield and unanimously passed :—

Whereas we understand that an attempt is being made by certain individuals to acquire the ownership of the rivers and streams in certain localities in the province of Nova Scotia, the beds of rivers, the fish, and the exclusive right of fishing therein.

And whereas we consider the right of fishing in our rivers, lakes and streams should, as heretofore, remain free to all of His Majesty's subjects residing in this province.

And whereas the guides of this prov-

ince derive a large portion of their income from guiding fishing parties on our inland waters.

Therefore resolved that this association views with alarm any attempt to deprive the public of their fishing rights heretofore enjoyed in our rivers, lakes and streams.

And further resolved that this association strongly urges upon our local government the necessity of doing all in its power to conserve the rights of the people of this province in these matters.

And further resolved that this resolution be printed and copies of the same be sent to our local representatives, J. A. Knight, chief game commissioner, the secretary of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia, also to the Yarmouth Branch of the same.

A dinner followed and then toasts were the order of the day.

Mr. E. H. Armstrong M.P. responding to the toast of "The Province of Nova Scotia" said the products of the Province for 1907 were valued at $100,000,000; this divided by 500,000 population was some indication of the per capita wealth and Nova Scotia only had 21,000 square miles of territory. Fisheries were more valuable last year than lumber. The control of the inland fisheries by the Province was pregnant with importance and would fill a large place in the political future of the country. Their geographical position, so near the Eastern States, meant the tourist business of the future. No one could drive through the Deerfield, Carleton, Kempt or Tusket River valleys without being deeply impressed with the fine farming country. The guides should appreciate and do all in their power to preserve the natural resources and thus be the means of benefitting not only themselves, but the whole country, from the money distributed. The changes in public opinion about game laws has really been wonderful in the last two years. Some people ask why don't you legislators make laws for this and that? But it was in meetings like that, where so many interested, independent and intelligent men met, that the laws were really made. Game Societies must discover these laws and legislators would fall in line. We must look to the future. No "today" policy could be anything but suicidal. Our forests must be preserved and procreated; denudation, if continued, would destroy our headwaters and decrease our material wealth immeasurably. And what the Lumberman's Association was doing for the forests the Guides' and Game Association must do for the game and fish. Maine's 400,000 visiting sportsmen and tourists left $26,000,000 there last year and there were many reasons why a considerable share of that large amount should go to the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

Mr. Jarvis gave the toast of the Game Association defining the ideal objects of the Guide's Association. The guides had a personal financial interest in protect-game, they were skilled laborers and merited suitable recompense. Their interest was to protect the same and it was a patriotic matter to do so. They were really the advisers of the legislators, who were only waiting for the word to "go". Mr. Jarvis gave facts and figures showing the beginning and growth of this business in other quarters of the globe. He asked them to be statesmen in this matter and take a broad forward view of the situation. The tide of tourists was flowing, let them do all in their power to direct it there.

Dr. Breck, who had come a hundred miles, from Milford, Annapolis County, to be present, advised the guides to educate themselves in botany and ornithology so as to be able to answer the many questions continually asked by their patrons. It was not enough to be master of woodcraft alone, they should add to their worth and larger wages would follow.

"Our next merrie meeting" was proposed by R. S. McKay, and sounded a rather pathetic note towards its close: "As the years go by and our steps may become less elastic, and our eyes be dimmed with age and our heads whitened with the frosts of the autumn and winter of life, let us hope that our hearts may be kept ever young and joyous, and may we always hail with delight the semi-annual meeting of the Guides' Association."

Camp Notes and News.

MISS Stewart, of Calgary, and Miss Hobbs, of Revelstoke, were the only ladies in a party of twelve including the guides that ascended Mount Hermit on Sunday, July the twelfth. They have the honor of being the first ladies to ascend the peak. The first ascent was made by the Rev. Dr. Herdman, the Rev. A.M. Gordon and the Rev. S. H. Gray, accompanied by the Swiss guides, Edward Feuz and his son on August the fourth, 1904. As far as has been recorded the Alpine Club party of 1908 has made the only other ascent. Two members of this party made their qualification climb on this occasion, Mr. C.A. Richardson, of Calgary, and Mr. D. B. Taylor, of Woodstock, the representative of "Rod and Gun."

A few of the prominent visitors to this year's camp were :—G. E. Howard representing the English Alpine Club ; A. F. Flegel representating the Mazamas of Portland, Ore., Professor Fay, of Tufts College, Mass. representing the American Alpine Club; A. C. Davy of Sheffield, England; F. W. Freeborn of New York, Mrs. J. W. Henshaw, of Vancouver, A. H Harteveldt of Rotterdam; Rev. Loggie Macdonnell, of Vernon, B. C., Rev. Thurlow Fraser, of Portage, la Prairie, Man. and others.

The camp is deeply indebted to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the services of the Swiss guides Edward Fuez, sr., Edward Fuez jr. Gottfried Fuez and Francis Bergeund. The other guides were Messrs. M. P. Bridgland, H. G. Wheeler, E.A. Wheeler, Max Humme and Lionel Lindsay, assisted by members of the Club.

Nearly one hundred and seventy-five members took advantage of this year's camp. The commissariat department received the praise of every one and the amount of tea and bacon consumed per capita must have beaten all previous records.

Mr. J. D. Patterson, one of the newly elected vice presidents, telegraphed:-

"I sincerely hope good work may be done from the Camp in the Selkirks. Most sorry I cannot attend. Greetings and good luck to all of you. J. D. P."

Messrs Stanley L. Jones, H. W. McLean, and G. W. Hunt were appointed a Committe to consider and report upon the question of incorporating the club under a Dominion charter.

A special tent was provided for the art exhibit which was worthy of much commendation. There were nine exhibitors

in three classes, mountain photos, mountain flora and water - colored mountain sketches. The prizes were awarded to H. G. Wheeler, Mrs. J. W. Henshaw, and Edward P. Max Humme respectively.

Many were the expressions of regret at the absence of Mr. J. D. Patterson of Woodstock, Ont., who is an ardent mountaineer, and one of the most popular members of the Club.

Sir Sandford Fleming C. E., K. C. M. G., L. L. D., sent the following telegram to the mountaineers:- "Convey to the Alpine Club my warmest greetings. May the adventurous spirit of the ardent mountaineers find fresh heights to conquer! May the whole body of Canadian climbers return with satisfactory records of their adventures and exploits after a pleasant and successful outing."

The two young ladies from Winnipeg who had a most remarkable trip over the Asulkan Pass, and who had an experience in mountain climbing by moonlight, were as enthusiastic as any of the stronger sex. Their only regret was that they were not permitted to climb Sir Donald.

One of the most noteworthy events of the Club of 1908 was the climbing of Sir Donald by Mr. A. H. Harteveldt, of Rotterdam, who accomplished the feat unaccompanied, without even a guide.

It is expected that next year's camp will be held at Lake O'Hara, and the club members are already looking forward to it with much pleasure. The district offers abundance of variety in climbing and other expeditions to ensure a busy and pleasant week.

The President had a box of nails for climbers presented by Mr. Edward Whymper, the well known mountaineer and author, which were distributed amongst the members as souvenirs.

The Rev. James Outram, of Portland, Ore. wrote accepting the honorary membership conferred upon him by resolution at the general meeting at Calgary on June second last. He offered a copy of his book "Camping in the Canadian Rockies" for the Club Library.

The officers for 1908 - 09 are:- Patron Sir Sandford Fleming; President, A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., Calgary; Vice Presidents, John D. Patterson, Woodstock, Ont.; M. P. Bridgland, Calgary; Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Parker, Winnipeg; Executive Secretary, S. H. Mitchell, Winnipeg; Treasurer, C. W. Rowley, Calgary; Librarian, Miss Jean Parker, Winnipeg; Advisers, D.H. Laird, Winnipeg; Stanley L. Jones, Calgary; Frank Yeigh, Toronto; Auditors J. W. Kelley and J. B. McLaren, Winnipeg.

Mr. S. H. Mitchell, of Winnipeg, was appointed salaried executive secretary upon terms to be considered and drawn up by the Executive Committee.

While it was agreed to adopt green, grey and white as the Club colors it was also arranged that some distinctive Canadian emblem, such as a green maple leaf, be interwoven with the colors.

Professor Vasser, the delegate from the Netherlands Alpine Club, offered to exchange publications with the Alpine Club of Canada, and it is needless to say that the offer was at once accepted.

Everyone deeply regretted the fatal accident which marred the complete success of the camp at Rogers Pass. It may be that freedom from serious accident at the two previous camps, although largely attended by amateurs, led the promoters to believe that similar immunity would attend successive camps. As usual in such cases the unfortunate person herself was to blame, although that fact carried with it small consolation, for the reputation of the Club suffers, even though the accident was due to over confidence and the action which led to it taken despite the advice of the guide.

Canada's Champion Shot.

Private McInnis, who won the Governor-General's medal and $200, and the Bisley aggregate, also in Palmer's trophy team. He won the Alexandra at Bisley in 1905.

The fire scourge in the West is the result of forest fires which have caused more devastation in Canada than even the lumberman's axe. This fire which wiped out Fernie, Michel and other towns and caused losses of life and property to an extent unequalled in fire devastions in the west, must cause much suffering, and the generosity of people on both sides of the border is being shown in a remarkable manner, in the work of alleirating both suffering and loss. One result should be an increased attention to fire prevention. The system in British Columbia was supposed to be highly efficient but in this case fire got out of hand with most disastrous results.

Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association.

Formation of a Brantford Branch.

ON June twenty-second an organization meeting of the Brant branch of the Ontario, Forest, Game and Fish Protective Association was held in the City Council Chamber, Brantford, when the following officers were elected :

President, Mr. Frank Cockshutt.

First Vice-President, Mr. H. F. Gardiner.

Second Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Tremaine.

Field Secretary, Dr. A. B. Cutcliffe.

Recording Secretary, Mr. F. W. Frank.

Treasurer, Mr. Thomas S. Wade.

The objects of this Association are to encourage reforestation and preservation of beauty spots, protection of game and insectivorous birds, the propagation and protection of game fish.

Strong committees were formed. The first with reference to the reforestration, with Mr. H. F. Gardiner, principal of the Ontario Institution for Blind, as Chairman, and a number of leading and representative citizens on the Committee.

Next committee for the protection of game and insectivorous song birds, with Mr. A. H. Murray, Manager of the Imperal Bank, as Chairman.

The third commttee for the propagation and protection of fish with Mr. A. H. Tremaine as Chairman.

The General Executive consists of the President, First Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, and the Chairman of each of the above committees.

A general discussion of the objects of the Association and the work to be done took place, and very instructive addresses were given by Principal Gardiner, Mr. T. W. Standing, County Inspector of Public Schools, also by Mr. Ruddy, of the Public School Board, Mr. C. Cook, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Frank Cockshutt, and others.

It is hoped that by co-operation and example we may get other municipalities to organize and form strong bodies of representative men all over the Province, so that their influence will be felt by the Government and assistance will be given to the officers in enforcing these laws.

The separate committes have had very enthusiastic meetings and the work promises to have the support of all the best citizens.

Mr. G. B. Smith writes from Ayton : "I should be obliged if allowed to say a few words on some provisions of our Ontario laws for game protection. I believe many sportsmen will agree with me that in some particulars our game laws are not what they should and might be. For instance September first is too early for ducks. It is only then that they start to put on flesh and those who kill ducks in the first half of that month have only bones and feathers for their pains. September fifteenth would be quite early enough and would give sportsmen a chance to get something for their trouble On the other hand September is altogether too late for snipe which should be open from August fifteenth to September fifteenth. Snipe are well fattened by August first and many seem to leave at the beginning of September—good reasons for altering the dates as suggested. Plover generally stay through October and the open season for these birds should be from September fifteenth to October fifteenth. From my standpoint the biggest fault of all is the rabbit season which opens too late and continues too long. In November and December the rabbits gather in thick swamps and a hunter can almost kill them with a stick. Earlier in the season they scatter through the hardwood bush and are more difficult to hunt. Their open season should be from September fifteenth to November fifteenth which would give them protection when they most needed it and likewise provide better shooting when the season was on. I trust these suggestions will receive attention from the authorities and that as a result alterations may be made in accordance with them."

OUR MEDICINE BAG

By Order in Council the Ontario Government have proclaimed a close season for partridge and grouse during the present year. As sportsmen know there was an unaccountable scarcity of these birds last year and it has been decided to give them a chance to recover. The scarcity was general but by this Order Ontario is doing all she can to relieve the situation.

It really does appear as though President Roosevelt means to celebrate his release from official cares by a fine hunting trip. For sometime past it has been reported that the favored field would be British Columbia but the latest intelligence points to Africa. Mr. F.C. Selous, the famous hunter and author will, it is now stated, be Mr. Roosevelt's companions and the trip, which is to last the greater part of the year, will be to British East Africa. It is safe to say that if the trip materializes some new and possibly thrilling experiences will be given the redoubtable President.

A shipment of six selected caribou have been sent from Newfoundland to Caribou Island, Lake Superior, where they have been turned loose, in the hope of restocking the island with caribou. Caribou Island is situated in the middle of Lake Superior and gained its name from the fact that it was once the home of a large herd of caribou,— a herd that was exterminated many years ago. A sportsmen's, club in which influential residents of Sault Ste. Marie are promineut members, have become interested in re-stocking the island and have arranged for the shipment. Of course measures have also been taken to insure a fair chance for the caribou to grow in numbers in their new island home.

While Commander Robert E. Peary, in command of the Roosevelt, is seeking the North Pole, Lieut. E. H. Shackleton will seek the South. The many failures to reach the opposite ends of the earth appear to stimulale others to still further efforts. The northern expedition is one financed by the States, although Newfoundlanders form the back bone of the crew, while that to the South Pole is wholly British Both parties carry their specially presented national flags with them and will make every effort to carry those flags further north and south than they have been planted before.

"C P. P." writes : The older generation of sportsmen all over Ontario will be grieved to hear that on Wednesday July 8th, at Grace Hospital, Toronto, there passed away one of the oldest sportsmen in the Province in the person of William Loane, late of Radenhurst St. Toronto, who for over a half a century has hunted and trapped in this neighborhood and though a market hunter was at heart a thorough sportsman. A man of splendid build, no day was ever too long or work too arduous for him. In his early life when living near the Dutch Farm many a fox was run to earth by him and his hounds after a long chase. As a hunting companion no better could be found; he was always ready to take the heaviest load and his keen knowledge and observance of bird's ways, coupled with a marvelous foresight in the change of weather, added greatly to his success and his fund of anecdote of bye gone days was unending-days when the Wild Pigeons were here in their countless thousands and every little stream running into the Don and the Don itself were well stocked with speckled beauties. For years he supplied the shooting clubs with live birds for trap shooting. He could recall taking over one thousand wild pigeons at one pull of his net and snowbirds, blackbirds and sparrows he has caught by the thousand.

When first I knew him some thirty five years ago there were few men in Ontario his equal as a duck shot and in the field either at quail, snipe or woodcock he was easily the best shot I ever saw. It is needless to add that a man living so close to nature as he did was a clean liver and if ever a man died without an enemy that man was William Loane.

That there are no lack of moose and deer in Northern Ontario is the testimony of Mr. Wm. Schell, of Woodstock, Ont., who has taken up land near Englehart, and is engaged in both agricultural and lumbering operations. Coming down on the T. and N. O. Railway Mr. Schell saw a deer standing looking at the train and the conductor informed him that a few days before two moose were standing on the track in front of the train. For a considerable distance they continued ahead and the engineer had to make his whistle perform various screeching operations before they could be induced to leap from the track and allow the train to pass. Reports of deer being seen by passengers are matters of almost daily occurrence and it is safe to say many hunters will make for that district this fall.

A Hamilton (Ont.) correspondent forwards us the following extract from an English paper devoted to outdoor life:—Mr. W. M. Wroughton sold the whole of the famous Woodland Pytchley pack at Rugby on Saturday, for 4,318gs., the Messrs. Tattersall being the auctioneers, and it is some years since there was such a representative attendance of past and present Masters at a hound sale. The top price price, 310gs., was paid by Lord Lonsdale Master of the Cottesmore, for a couple of entered bitches, Drapery and Dreamy by the Belvoir Ranter—Daffodil, and the same keen buyer went 200gs. for Warranty, a second season bitch hound by Gaylad—Wheedle. Other hounds which went to strengthen the Cottesmore pack were Negative and Ruddy. 110gs.; Fortitude and Wafer, 260gs.; Comedy and Gertrude 240gs.; and the dog hounds Guardian and Guardsman, 100gs. Lord Zetland paid 300gs. for Guesswork and Guilty, a beautifully balanced couple of entered bitches, and among other buyers were Sir Henry Hoare, Mr. R. H. Gosling, Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, Mr. Nigel Baring, Mr. A. Neven du Mont, Lord Southampton, Sir Hugo Fitzherbert, Mr. T. Bouch, Mr. F. Riley Smith, Mr. A. Sowler, and Ben Capel, the Belvoir huntsman. Drafts from the North Cotswold, the South-Staffordshire, and the Morpeth packs were also sold, the aggregate of the sale being £4,943 4s. He adds: "I suppose few of your readers realize what prices are paid to secure the proper strain for the improvement of a kennel of fox hounds. Fancy $21,590.00 for a pack of hounds—really two packs, one dogs and one bitches as they are always hunted separately and usually thirty-three at a time! Then there would be the puppies; also extra dogs of each kind &c. I knew these hounds well.

The Montreal Business Men's League have published an edition for 1908 of their now well known illustrated booklet on Montreal. New cuts and fresh letterpress add much to the interest which this booklet aroused from the first and Montreal never had a more effective advertisement of the attractions held out to visitors, tourists and commercial men by the city which is indisputably the commercial capital of the Dominion. Those who read this illustrated booklet will find a wealth of information concerning various parts of Canada, all pleasantly conveyed and teaching much as to the varied resources and the wonderful advantages to be found throughout the Dominion.

The manner in which bears will remain around a settlement is well illustrated by a story which comes from Englehart in Northern Ontario. Young Mr. Dickinson, who is farming in the neighborhood, was doing some small task near his home when he noticed vapor ascending from what looked like a large brush heap. The time was February and there was much snow on the ground. On investigation a large bear was driven out. Mr. Dickinson possessed a good rifle and the animal was so near that he reached a vital spot with the first shot. Further investigation in the heap brought to light two little cubs whose eyes were not open. The bear was

fat and the skin in prime condition. Several bears were shot near Englehart last winter but none were so close to the settlement as the one secured by Mr. Dickinson.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Company of Worcester, Mass., the enterprising and progressive manufacturers of guns and revolvers have come to the front once more with a New Model 3-piece single gun. During their thirty-six years manufacturing experience this concern has gained the confidence of the public, not only because of quality and dependability, but also because of the many improvements resulting from the care and thought devoted to fireams manufacturing. The new Model 1908 3-piece gun, which they now have ready for the trade, is taken down in the same manner as a double gun by pulling off the snap fore-end and then unhooking the barrel from the frame.

With the exception of the take-down mechanism the details of the gun are identical with the well known Model 1900. The use of coil, main and locking bolt springs reduces the liability of breakage to a minimum and by using a short wire or pin to hold the main spring under compression the main spring and the main spring guide can be removed readily without any special tool, and as readily replaced. This method of removing the main spring is fully covered by patents and is found in all H. & R. guns. This New Model 1908 3-piece gun is built on the same lines as the famous two-piece gun Model and sells at the same price. It is made in 12, 16, 20 and 28 gauge. The accompanying illustration gives a very good idea of the construction. We believe every one of our readers will be interested in this New Model H. & R. Single Gun.

Mr. A. Wilson writes from Golden, B. C.:—I wish you all kinds of success in bringing before the people of Canada the necessity of fish and game protection and the need for the destruction of wolves and other vermin. I know from experience that if game in abundance is wanted the vermin must be kept down and I have often wondered why sportsmen in this country are always after the game and scarcely ever take the trouble to shoot or try to trap the numerous wolves, hawks, weasels, and other game destroyers. I may say that it gives me more pleasure to kill some of the enemies of the game than the game. In this district the game laws are well kept, never better since I came here twelve years ago. The ruffed grouse is very scarce this season as it was also last season; the blue grouse is fairly plentiful but hard to get at any time except in the mating season when they come down in the foothills (then of course it is out of season); deer are increasing fast in the Columbia Valley; goat are plentiful nearly anyway you go from Golden; and of course the Columbia Valley is all right. In the fall we have duck shooting and a short distance from the river we have some of the best fishing it is possible to get anywhere. The best trout are found in creeks and small lakes which feed the Columbia—for instance forty miles up from Golden and eight miles back are some small lakes where in company with one of our old time guides the finest kind of a trip can be taken with the finest fishing and some good shooting thrown in—the best indeed it would be possible to get in any country.

Mr. W. H. Allison, whose name is well known to our readers as a contributor of both fishing and hunting stories, has retired from his position as senior train despatcher on the Canadian Pacific Railway at Toronto. Mr. Allison has put in twenty-nine years of service beginning on the CreditValley Ry. in 1879 and during his long service was never responsible for a single accident. The readers of "Rod and Gun" join in congratulations to Mr. Allison and wish him many years of quiet enjoyment in his retirement. No

YOU ARE ONLY HUMAN

There is a very human prejudice everywhere against home products. It is so easy to fancy that imported goods could not travel so far if they were not better in some way.

Canadian hunters should consider this—that in every hunting region on the globe your own country is famous because of

Dominion Ammunition

In every country many hunters recognize the superiority of Dominion Ammunition. Canadian hunters cannot afford to pay more for duty-burdened ammunition, when the best ammunition is Canadian and duty-less.

People abroad who pay more for Dominion Ammunition have tried all kinds.

A trial of your **home-product** will convince you that Dominion is the best ammunition, best for the Dominion as well as for the rest of the world. We have made a particular study of your needs.

Our ammunition is for any gun. The right price for the best. Any dealer, or write us.

Dominion Cartridges (Sure Fire)	**Regal Shells** (Ballistite Dense Smokeless Powder)	**Sovereign Shells** (Empire Bulk Smokeless Powder)	**Crown Shells** (Best Black Powder)

DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL.

doubt Mr. Allison will now go more frequently to the woods and waters and enjoy leisure to tell our readers of his experiences and adventures.

Sportsmen desirous of obtaining first-class salmon and trout fishing and big game hunting, should write to Mr. Henry Bishop, Bathurst, N. B. He will give information as to locality, arrange for guides, canoes, etc., and state terms. Bathhurst is an excellent centre for both fishing and shooting.

Amongst the many contests which have marked the year in Great Britain anglers have come in for their share and in the early part of July a series of competitions were arranged for them at the Franco-British Exhibition in London. The feature of the whole was the success of the "Palakona" cane built rods made by Messrs. Hardy Brothers, of Alnwick, which in the hands of members of the firm proved their superiority over all comers. In the open salmon fly casting Mr. John James Hardy was first, in amateur salmon fly casting Mr. H. J. Hardy was first, while in the single handed trout fly casting for rods not over ten and a half feet, Mr. John James Hardy was first, Mr. L. R. Hardy second and Mr. H. J. Hardy third. The whole of the twelve fly casting events on the programme were won by Hardy's "Palakona" split bamboo rods. Indeed eighteen first prizes out of a possible twenty one, both fly and bait casting, fell to those using Hardy's "Palakona" split bamboo rods. In addition to this wonderful record these rods swept the board with first, second and third prizes at Sidney, arranged and held under the auspices of the New South Wales Anglers' Casting Club on June first last.

An extraordinary instance of the intelligence of beavers and the thoroughness with which they do their work was relat-

ed at the outing in connection with the Toronto Engineers Club. Supt., J. H. McClelland, of the Trent Canal stated that the government placed a dam across Gull River last fall for the purpose of conserving the water in Little Mud Lake so as to even the flow at times when low water threatens to hamper navigation or interfere with the supply to the many important industries depending on the canal for power. When the dam was completed it was found that water backed up and started running north. As this interfered with the plan of the engineers it was decided to build a second dam at the northern outlet and operations were to have started on the work this summer. To the amazement of the surveyors, who went up in the spring to make preliminary arrangements, they found the work already done for them by the beavers. A perfect dam, seven hundred feet long and seven feet deep, was constructed by the busy little engineers during the winter months. There was not a leak disernable and no likelihood of one for years to come, so perfectly had the work been accomplished. The first dam was raised another foot and as soon as its effects were disernable the beavers went to work and added another foot to their dam. The only explanation that can be given for this remarkable feat is that the fine instinct of these little animals told them something was wrong when the currrent took a course to which they were unused and they immediately took effecient means to rectify it.

A fine hanger has been issued by the Ithaca Gun Company, Ithaca, N. Y., and distributed by them throughout Canada and the States. The title is "Wild Gobler" (meleogris sylvestris) and is a representation of a wild cock turkey amid its native surroundings. The colors blend well and Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the artist, has done his work splendidly, selecting a background which shows up the plumage of this noblest of game birds in all its richness. Accompanying the hanger is a short description of the natural history of the wild turkey from which it appears that it is really a southern bird being taken from the southern States to Europe and again brought to America in its tame state. The reason for the extreme delicacy of the turkey chicks is believed to be due to the fact that they are the offspring of a race of birds acustomed through ages to the mild Mexican table lands and are therefore subject to many ills in the more severe climate of Canada. Turkey hunters have good sport and the results are often such as to make other hunters envious. The hanger is one that should adorn every sportsman's den.

Mr. G. B. Smith writes to say that in his article "Shotguns and Their Loads" which appeared in our last issue there was one error. The load for crows, hawks and large birds should have read 3 1-4 in. shell (Winchester leader) 3 1-4 drms; powder, 1 3-16 oz. No 6 shot. As it appeared it read 3 drms and the difference is sufficient to make this correction necessary.

A correspondent from Toronto tells us of a man living in that city who shot a passenger pigeon in that neighborhood sixteen years ago and now has the stuffed pigeon in his possession. The correspondent adds that so far as he is aware no passenger pigeon has been shot in the Dominion as recently as that date. As a boy he killed many a score of them about the years 1868 - 70.

A prize of one hundred dollars in cash is offered by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, Mining Engineer, of Toronto, for the best collection of Minerals collected in the Province of Ontario during the year 1908 by anyone not employed as a Collector by a public institution or dealer in minerals. The collection must contain at least thirty mineral species, and it is suggested where convenient the size of the specimens should be two by three inches. Each specimen must be labelled with exact locality from which it was obtained, and the date on which it was collected. No specimen will be considered unless it is so labelled. A typewritten list of the specimens, with names of minerals and localities, in triplicate, together with a

Midnight Oil

If the man who is compelled by necessity, or impelled by ambition, to work at night, will avoid "stimulants" and lunch on

Grape-Nuts

and cream, he will find his strength keeping up, and his brain clear and responsive to his demands.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U. S. A.

declaration stating that they were personally collected by the signer of such a declaration in the Province of Ontario in 1908 at the localities stated, with the Post Office address of the collector, must accompany each collection. The collections must be addressed:- "Examiners, Tyrrell Prize, Government Assay Office, Belleville, Ont., and must be sent, prepaid, to the Government Assay Office Belleville Ontario, on or before December 1st, 1908, where they will be opened and examined jointly by Professor Nichol, of the School of Mining, Kingston, and Dr. Walker of Toronto University. If requested the collections will be returned, charges collect, as soon as possible after the prize is awarded.

——

The wet months of May and June somewhat spoiled the fishing on the North shore of Lake Superior but good catches were reported at many points and as the fish caught were fine ones there were no complaints. In the later part of the season fishing much improved and the very best of sport was obtained

——

Upon the request of the County Council of Dufferin, Ont, an Order-in-Council has been issued prohibiting the killing and taking of deer in that county for three years.

——

An exploration party including eighteen scientists is visiting the Aleutian Islands in the North Pacific, and the results of their enquiries and observations can scarcely fail to prove of the highest value to science. The entire cost of the expedition is being borne by a millionaire merchant of Moscow and the whole expedition reminds one of the early voyages equipped by rich Russian merchants which resulted in the discovery of Aalska and the foundation of Russian colonies in that territory.

——

Quite a number of sturgeon have been caught this summer near Picton on Lake Ontario. Captain J. G. Jarvis caught two weighing ninety and one hundred and twenty five pounds respectively. Frank Gross also caught one weighing one hundred pounds. Sturgeon are reported more plentiful than for many years past and whitefish have been caught in larger quantities that in any one year for the last quarter of a century. Hook and line fishing for bass has also been good.

——

Most visitors to Canada are satisfied with their experiences and so express themselves. Mr. Frank Stevens, of Little Rock, Ark. had some excellent fishing in Prince Edward County, Ont., during the season catching in one day seven bass "nearly four pounders" in addition to a number of large pike. It was with deep regret that he had to leave scenes and experiences so delightful and return home and face the realities of hard work.

——

A correspondent hailing from across the border, after commenting with approval upon the manner in which protective work is proceeding throughout Canada, adds: "It is a little mortifying to citizens of the United States that this country should serve as an example of blundering short sightedness to its nearest neighbor, but until the citizens of the United States learn something of the value of the natural resources of the country we must expect to be held up as a warning to others".

——

Evidences of the adoption of a forestry policy for the whole province are to be found in the announcement of the Minister of Agriculture to the effect that five government forestry farms are to be selected and put into working order in old Ontario and two in new Ontario. The forestry farms for the older portion of the Province are to be located in Norfolk, Durham Simcoe, Lambton and Bruce counties, It is contemplated giving the forestry students at Toronto University and the Ontario Agricultural College practical experience of forestry work in these farms and the effect on the young and the future of the Province, in which forests must play a large part, is certain to be widely affected thereby.

WHY IT IS SAFE

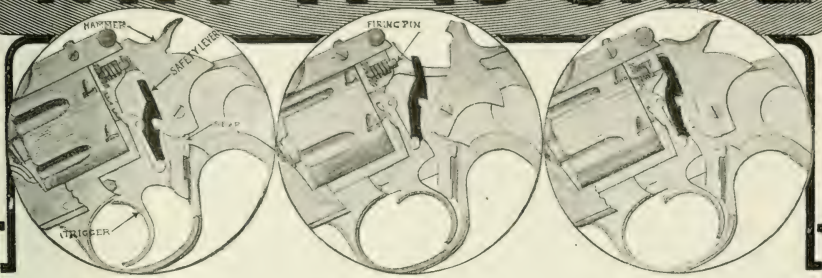


FIG. 1
Shows position of hammer, patent safety lever and firing-pin when not in use. Note the firing-pin and hammer do not touch, but—

FIG. 2
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer moves back and the patent safety lever moves up and in line with the firing pin, so that—

FIG 3
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer is released, striking the lever, which in turn hits the firing-pin.

This explains why accidental discharge is impossible with the

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

You can drop it, kick it downstairs, throw it against a wall, with no fear. Nothing doing until you pull the trigger. Then it shoots straight and hits hard. The best all-around revolver on the market.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells more in detail why the Iver Johnson has outstripped competitors in public favor. Our handsome catalogue goes with it, showing details of construction.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel - - - 7.50
(Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel - - - - - - - - 8.50
(Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost,

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply.

You can tell the genuine by the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
157 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Hamburg, Ger.: Pickhuben 4.
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co.
London, Eng.: 13 Cullum St., E.C

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

Hammer the Hammer

SHOT

The best results in shooting are to be obtained by using a thoroughly reliable brand of Shot.

"M.R.M." Shot is made with the greatest care, the best material only being used.

It is uniform, round, and true to size.

Specify "M.R.M." and see that this trade mark is on every bag.

TRADE M.R.M. CO. MARK

THE MONTREAL ROLLING MILLS CO.

Club Cocktails

If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Hartford, Conn. London

The best point for the canoeist and camper who wishes to "do" the Algonquin National Park is to go in at Joe Lake station, where the route through the chain of lakes running north and south properly begins. At this point a commodious caravansary, known as the 'Hotel Algonquin", has been erected on a well elevated location overlooking Joe Lake affording a fine view of the surrounding mountains and lakes. This hotel is just 200 yards from Joe Lake Station of the Grand Trunk Railway System. Mr. L. Merrell, Mowat P. O., Ont. and from Nov. 1st., to May 1st, to 402 James Street, Syracue N. Y., to whom all enquiries should be addressed, will be glad to furnish any further information regarding canoe trips, camping sites, etc., on application. The rates at the "Hotel Algonquin" will be from $2.00 to $3.00 per day. Mr. Merrell has also installed an outfiting emporium in connection with the hotel and all requisites for the canoeist and camper, including tents, canoes, skiffs, cooking utensils, provisions, fishing tackle, and all paraphernalia necessary for a successful outing in the wilds of the Park can be secured here. Additional accommodation will be provided by means of tents, meals being served at the hotel.

J. A. H. writes: I note in your August number a letter by "Hibernian" who is surprised at Dr. Sisley's statements on the charr and trout. Now a charr is flatter on the head than the trout, softer in the flesh, which is pink and has no pink spots. The scales also are very small. I have always looked upon the charr as a species of trout, but not the pink spotted square tailed game fish I have caught in various parts of the world known as *the* trout. There are about thirty species of the charr. "Hibernian" however must remember that Dr. Sisley is giving *his own* opinion of what he considers a *true* charr and a *true* trout. Personally I don't, for several reasons, agree with Dr. Sisley's conclusions.

Mr. Forest H. Conover writes stating that there will be no duck shooting at

A Dependable Companion

Wherever you go or whenever you go, whether on business or pleasure, be sure to take along a Conklin Pen, and you'll always be ready for any writing emergency. You'll never be held up through lack of ink. When last drop is exhausted fill

CONKLIN'S
Self-Filling Fountain Pen

again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours don't, order direct. Prices, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00. Send for handsome new catalogue.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
316 Manhattan Bldg.
TOLEDO, OHIO . . . U. S. A.

Point Pelee Marsh, Ontario this fall owing to the carp demolishing the rice and wild celery beds and thus leaving no feed for ducks. In order to restore this duck shooting for another year, Mr. Conover advocates the destruction of the carp by any and every possible means. He wishes the government to allow carp fishing by regular carp nets so as to rid the marsh of "these infernal pests." Dog fish should likewise be banished. If good shooting is to be restored to the local sportsmen next year the government department should take immediate action.

—

Men who have views of their own are usually "real sot" in their opinions regarding religion, politics and the like, and we may safely say that questions of sights for fire arms can well be classed within the same category. There is scarcely one shooter in every dozen who has not over hauled his sights to suit his own particular fancy. With that fact in mind Mr. T. A. Watson of Creemore, Ontario, has, with full mechanical and optical knowledge, given the sights for fire arms a most thorough threshing out. The result is that he now has upon the market the most complete line of sights to be seen anywhere. A hunter or workman may obtain from Mr. Watson exactly the kind of sights his own personal ideas call for. Mr. Watson has won the highest praise from experts both in America and Europe, one notable M. D. in Chicago stating, in an unsolicited letter, that his sights "are a work of art". Filling individual orders is his speciality. Further particulars are given in an advertisement on another page.

KAMP KOOK'S KIT

54 Pieces—Komplete—Kompact—20 pounds
Cures Commissary Cares. Captures Campers Completely. Query Commands Catalog

Ask your Live Dealer
F. CORTEZ WILSON & CO., M'f'rs.
Established 1869. 249 Lake St., Chicago, Ills.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Importance of Lubrication.

President Hugh Chambers of the new Chalmers-Detroit Co. who are building a four-cylinder car for 1909 which is claimed to be "the Big Noise" of the year gives the following level-headed advice to owners and prospective buyers. Says Mr. Chambers :

The most common error on the part of amateur motorists is in neglecting lubrication of small parts. Nearly everyone will see that the motor is given its regular quota of oil and that the transmission and rear axle are properly filled, but the lubrication of such things as fan, front wheel, steering connections, spring link and various other lever bearings is entirely lost sight of. Manufacturers place attractive brass oil and grease cups at all important points of the car where it is practicable to do so, in the hope that they will be noticed and used, but in too many instances the result is not attained. Not only is lubrication neglected but a cheap oil is used merely to save a few cents per gallon. This one thing often resulted in repairs of a very expensive nature.

The Auto and the Orphans.

Whatever may be said about the thoughtlessness of some autoiotsts when on the roads the great body of them do not forget that they have responsibilities as well as rights, and never do they rise better to the height of those responsibilities than on the days set apart for treating the orphans. Recently the autoists of Toronto and Hamilton have proved by practical demonstration the intense amount of enjoyment that can be crowded into one day when a body of men set themselves to the task of giving pleasure to children. At best the childhood of orphans lacks much which others possess and if for one day in the long year they were privileged persons no one envied them but all who contributed shared in the diffusion of joy apparent on every hand. In both cases the programme was much the same. An auto ride in the morning, lunch with unaccustomed dainties, a long afternoon of amusements, a distribution of gifts and a return ride in the cool of the evening. The many incidents of the eventful day will furnish topics for conversation the whole year round and the amount of pleasure imparted was no greater than that received Autoists have so well learned the lesson that the best enjoyment of all is received by giving pleasure to others that there is never any lack of autos and in Toronto in particular the supply of accommodation exceeded for a time the number of children to be taken. To carry off such a day's events successfully much fore-thought is required. There must be a great deal of arranging, much trouble, some risk to say nothing of expense, and when all this is undertaken cheerfully and carried through without a hitch of any kind those who are prejudiced against the auto should bear this in rememberance.

Concerning Brakes.

Teddy Dey, the clever Buffalo driver who has driven the Pierce Great Arrow through so many reliability and endurance runs with perfect scores, gives the following advice concerning brakes. Says the Pierce Arrow driver :

"A careless driver can do a great deal of damage by not applying the brakes properly. If applied too suddenly there is danger of stripping the tires or doing them considerable damage and straining the car. If the foot brakes do not hold firmly, though tightened sufficiently, it may be that some oil has got into them, in which case they should be washed out with gasoline. It is a good practise to wash out the brakes this way every once in a while. Should all four brakes be

inadequate to hold a car from going forward down grade too fast, in an emergency shift the change speed lever to the first speed notch, throw off the switch and let the clutch in gently by gradually releasing the brakes. This method of descending a hill on the compression of the motor should be employed only in case of emergency. If the sprag is out of order and a car starts to break down hill too fast for the brakes to hold, the same method of breaking by using the compression of the motor should be used except that the change speed lever should be placed in the reverse gear notch."

The Value of Tours.

In view of the numerous contests which are promoted from time to time with an idea of showing the value of the automobile as a vehicle, the more exciting events, especially of the character of racing, seems to have thrown into discredit the purely touring contests, and there may be a doubt in the mind of both the manufacturers and the public as to the value of touring contests.

Says Mr. Charles Clifton of the George N. Pierce Co. of Buffalo :

"From my point of view I feel that the value of long distance touring contests is due to the fact that the cars entering such contests are normally touring cars; duplication in all particulars of those purchased by the public.

"The character of the contest is such that it appeals to the buyer and user, because it is practically the identical use to which he would subject his own car. The prime consideration in the selection of a touring car is its ability to travel a long distance without breakdown or mechanical disarrangment of any kind, and that car is the most satisfactory which best fulfills these conditions. Consequently a public demonstration of this fact must surely impress the touring public, as to the adaptability of the touring car to its allotted task. This sort of competition naturally produces a winner, and even the best of cars may be subjected to penalties by reason of accidents, or unfortunate circumstances, but the chief value from these contests is in showing the general excellency is not one make alone, but in

Take A Real Holiday

The chief aim in taking a holiday is to get out of the "rut" of city living—living by the clock and by rule. In order to turn your vacation into a "real holiday" take a supply of BOVRIL with you to camp or to your country cottage.

BOVRIL minimises the cooking—provides a delicious and sustaining meal in a few moments, is handier than anything else and if added to Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, Stews, Fish, Soup, etc., it intensifies their flavor and increases their nourishing value very greatly.

BOVRIL is nothing but the quintessence of beef. All that is in beef is in BOVRIL.

Try this recipe:

BOVRIL...2 tablespoonfuls
Bread Crumbs 1 "
Butter.. .....2 ounces
Squeeze of lemon juice.
Thoroughly mix in an enamelled pan and spread between slices of bread.

The 8 oz. and 16 oz. sizes are more economical than the small bottles.

BOVRIL Ltd., 27 St. Peter St., Montreal

many makes of cars, thus exhibiting to the purchaser a variety of cars which have shown themselves capable and worthy of purchase."

Great Auto Problem Solved.

Announcement has just been made by the E. R. Thomas Motor Company that they have at least solved, after years of hard work, the great problem of reduction of weight in the manufacture of the automobile.

Their engineers have for some time attempted to produce a car which would weigh but little more than twice its passenger capacity, but it was not until this year that such revolution was made possible. They have produced a six-cylinder car which will carry six passengers without crowding—all in individual seats facing forward—which weighs complete without gasoline, water, lubricating oil or extra parts, 2000 pounds. The average automobile weighs five or six times its passenger capacity, but this new car which is to be known as the Model L 6-40Thomas Flyer weighs but little more than twice its passenger capacity.

It is only when one stops to consider what this reduction of weight means, in the cost of tires, operation and maintenance, that the far-reaching effects of this great improvement can be realized. It is a distinct and marked advance in the industry and will create a new era in automobile construction which automobile engineers have long known must come.

As everyone knows, the automobile industry has passed through much the same stages as the bicycle. It will be remembered that the first bicycles which were put on the market weighed over a hundred pounds and were large, expensive machines, hard to ride and costly to maintain. With the coming of steel tubing the introductioon of special steels, improved friction surfaces, and new methods of construction, these first wheels were gradually reduced in weight and cost until all of a sudden, the weight of the bicycle took an unheard of drop from forty pounds to twenty-two. The immediate effect on the industry was to more than quadruple the output and reduce the cost to a price within the reach of all.

The motor car industry has been through much the same stages, and automobile engineers have been vieing with each other in an effort to lighten the mechanism of an automobile to a point where the first cost and maintenance of an automobile could be reduced in a similar manner.

The E. R. Thomas Motor Co. have just placed upon the market, a Thomas Flyer, which, while it contains all of the high class features usually found in $6000.00 cars such as ball bearing, cam shafts, crank shafts, transmission gears and wheels, special nickle, vanadium and heat treated steels, disc clutch enclosed in dust proof case, two entirely separate and distinct ignition systems, including a Sims-Bosch Magneto and Atwater Kent Timer, thirty-six inch wheels and tires, double elliptical springs, hand-hammered aluminum body, Herringbone timing gears, eighteen inch steering wheel, four brakes, aluminum hood and fenders, geared lubricator and complete equipment of gas and oil lamps, horn and pres-

A Residential School for Boys and Young Men

Woodstock College

MOST FULLY EQUIPPED IN CANADA

Matriculation. Business. Scientific Courses. Oldest and best equipped Manual Training in Dominion. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, etc. Large grounds and campus (30 acres). University trained staff.

Fees $230. No Extras. Re-opens September 2nd.

Write for 51st Annual Calender to

A. T. MacNeill, Principal, P. O. Box 21, Woodstock, Ont.

Ithaca Guns.

Extra close shooting with even distribution and good penetration are essential qualities that a gun must possess for the very best success at the traps. Ithaca Guns have a world-wide reputation for their superior shooting qualities.

Every Ithaca Gun is guaranteed in every part—shooting included.

"Bob" Edwards the veteran barrel borer is still boring them.

Here's what some of our customers say about them :

"The Pigeon Gun came yesterday. It is a beauty and a hard close shooter. The boys all tried it at our club shoot and everyone pronounced it a peach."
E. Beckwith, Sec. Mt. Pleasant Gun Club,
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

"My Ithaca No. 4 arrived all O. K. and to say that I am satisfied is mildly expressing it. It is without doubt the finest arm I have ever handled; both the shooting qualities and the finish are superfine."
Bert Mason, Salamanca, N. Y.

Send for Art Catalog and special prices on 18 grades $17.75 net to $300 list.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
Dept. NO. 13
ITHACA, N. Y.

tolite tank—all for the unusually low price of $3000.00.

There is not an experimental feature in the whole make up of the car. It is rather the result of refinement of detail throughout. The wonderful results are due to severe simplicity and compactness of design, new arrangements of functional parts, the constant torque by the use of a six-cylinder motor—the employment of the best quality of nickle and heat-treated steels, which are lighter and stronger than the old castings.

The car will be equipped with four different bodies—Touring Car, Tourabout, Limousine and Flyabout, the last being an entirely new design of body—a modification of the Tourabout, having a small tonneau instead of the usual rumble seat. It is a distinct novelty this year and one which has already won universal favor.

The well known Stevens-Duryea Company have issued a fine catalogue giving full particulars of their model X four cylinder touring car which has superseded Model R. The Company explain that their new model, while effecting improvements in various directions, has not departed at all from the principles which made the standard Stevens-Duryea successful from the first. That principal in brief has been unvarying alignment, meaning in its turn, durability, smoothness, silence and speed. The appreciation shown by automobilists who have used these cars has been due to the advantages secured by perfect alignment, though many of them have not known to what cause their satisfaction was due. Coupled with this principal which has never been departed from by one hair's breadth, the best of materials are used by skilled workmen, the result being a car giving the maxium of enjoyment and service to those fortunate enough to possess one. The booklet is finely illustrated and the descriptions given are full and complete. As might have been expected from the confidence secured in their previous models the new one, although upon the market only a

short time, is rapidly obtaining the same degree of popularity accorded the famous Big and Light Six Stevens-Duryea cars and the Model R Four Cylinder. The price of the chassis has been changed to $2500 An ever widening demand for the new car is certain and Canadian automobilists, who always desire the best, may be trusted to speedily gain experience of this new model. The address of the company is Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Triumph of the American Car.

Charles J. Glidden, owner of the Glidden trophy, in speaking of the tour just finished said : "The record of the Great Arrow in entering five cars and finishing all of them with a perfect score is so exceptional that it will compel even Europe to sit up, and pay attention. The rules of this contest were so strict that there was no opportunity to do any funny work and the clean cut record of the Great Arrow will force Europe to recognize the fact that America builds cars for any roads, good or bad, and I am firm in the belief that the car for the American road is the American car. This tour has demonstrated that fact as nothing else could have done. The test was so hard that I hardly believe it possible that I could have placed my own car of English make through it on schedule time. The trip too was enjoyable with all its mountain scenery and I am very glad that I made it. At no time did the trip pall upon me in spite of my almost completed 50,000 miles of travelling in nearly fifty countries."

Mr. Glidden rode through the journey in the car of Mr. Frank B. Hower, a Great Arrow, and the Chairman was constantly at the head of the line as his car gave him no trouble throughout the trip.

Success of the Boy Driver.

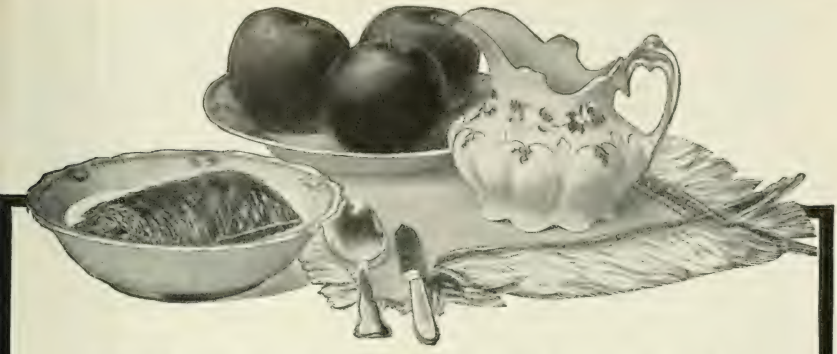
The success of Arthur Kumpf, the nineteen year old lad, in again driving a perfect score in the big six cylinder Great Arrow brings this lad to the front as America's youngest and most successful driver. Last year he won perfect scores in several events and lost the Chicago Endurance run by two points, owing to a loose grease cup. The "Kid" is a wonderful driver, careful at all times and never reckless. In driving he attends strictly to business and never talks at all. He seldom says a thing even though hundreds of miles be driven. The directions as read to him by his mechanic are carefully watched. In hill climbing work and in trips down hill he saves his car and yet his average for the day is very high. His speeding is done on safe roads only without an effort to gain any time on rough roads. In strenuous times Kumpf is as cool as a cucumber. Riding back of him in a tonneau is pure pleasure as it is even possible to enjoy a sleep over the roughest roads so carefully does he hit the high spots.

An Ontario Road Map.

A road map of Ontario and the Muskoka Lakes, authorized by the Ontario Motor League, has been issued by J. A. Radford, of Toronto, and can be had from him at a nominal price. The map which is on a scale of twelve miles to an inch, is well mounted and plainly printed. It has an index of cities, town and villages and roads and railways are shown up boldly. The roads are the main roads only but with the map a tour can be arranged and a schedule completed which should add materially to the pleasures of an auto tour. One likes to know just where one is and the distances of other places when on such a journey and this map will supply just what is needed. Without doubt the usefulness of such a map will be more appreciated as tourists increase, as they are bound to do.

A Wonderful Victory

The Thomas has won the great New York to Paris race, which was begun on Febuary twelfth, and concluded on July thirtieth. The only other car to finish was the German, which arrived on the twenty sixth inst., but which was penalised thirty days; seven days for failure to cover eleven hundred miles in America, twenty three days it was behind, that twenty three days being made up by shipping the car at Seattle. The contestants were: De Dion (French) G. Boucier de Saint Chaffray, Captain Hans Hansen



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and M. Autran; Moto Bloc (French), M. Godard, M. Hue and M. Livier; Sizairet Naudin (French) August Pons, M. Deschamps and M. Berthe; Zust (Italian) Antonio Scarfoglio, Emeiio Sitori and Henri Haaga; Protos (German), Leutenant Koeppen, Engineer Hans Knape and Engineer Ernest Maas; Thomas (American), George Schuster, Montague Roberts, Harold Brinker and Linn Matheson. All kinds of difficulties and discouragements and even dangers were encountered from the start but despite obstacles progress was maintained and the Thomas won by the comfortable margin of twenty six days. The Thomas was an ordinary stock car and the others had all had months of special preparation spent upon them, a fact which makes the Thomas victory all the more significant.

The Glidden Tour.

The A. A. A. Touring Board is at its wits' end to bring this tour to a finish. They forsee an all summer job. The team of three proposition from each maker has brought into competition for the final run of but four days, three Great Arrow cars, three Peeless cars, and two Haynes cars, and an Oldsmobile, the latter the Chicago team. The Great Arrows represent the Buffalo Club, having held trophy for that club for two years and aided in winning it last year for the same club with two perfect score cars; the Peerless representative and the Columbus Club and the Marmons, the Bay State Association. In the contest for the Hower trophy there are the two Pierce Great Arrows, two of the Stoddard Daytons and one Premier, and all are going nicely. Every one of these cars has an experienced engineer and an experienced mechanic. All are being driven well within the cars' power, and each promises to go onward to the end, even though that be next year. The Great Arrow is making a warm fight to retain its supremacy on the touring field, and the others are hot after its scalp. Good sportsmanship prevails and will prevail to the end. It will be pure endurance of men and of cars and it is probable that the men will last as long as the cars, as they are made to last, having graduated from the testing departments of factories in many instances. In their departments they drove as many miles daily as the tour requires and at as great speed as is required, and their experience counts in this great event.

A Good Suggestion.

The proposal has been made that the contestants of the Fifth Annual Tour of the AmericanAutomobile Association, who are contesting for the Hower trophy in the runabout class and who leave Buffalo continue on their weary way until another lap has been completed in two weeks and two days and that they then start for New York City and join in the Double Transcontinental race which starts from New York to San Francisco and return. It is thought possible that some of the five cars might be eliminated in this way but that is not so certain. The contestants will object to a third trip over the same route and should they complete the second will ask for a substitution of one of the routes used on former tours as the present one promises to become chestnutty. The proposition to make the run to San Francisco and return met with the approval of John Williams who is driving a Pierce and also Edward Rettling, also a Great Arrow driver, when they were seen. "I'm game" said Williams "and if they want to go to San Francisco and back I'm with them. I only hope that they will change the routing for the time round, that is all, the 'Frisco and return suits me."

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The Elect of the Tour.

It is with wry faces that the five drivers of the Pierce Great Arrows, the two Stoddard Daytons and the Premier started over the route again and drivers Teddy Dey and Arthur Kumpf who will drive Great Arrow No. 1. on its course the third round of and Ledderman and Winchester who are to drive the Chairman's car. smiled sadly when asked whether they liked the work. "It's all in a life time", said Dey and smiled, "and I want to just find out how far this old boat will go. It's been over 4500 miles without trouble and now let's see wether it will go 6500 or 10,000. I don't care. I've got a curious notion that the car will go on forever and the test is interesting to me". "Thank heaven I am not a competitor this time and will drive at my own gait throughout."

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SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

Edited by
LOU. E. MARSH

Canadian Victories Across the Lake.

The Canadian victories at the International Regatta at Put-in-Bay, O. were most welcome to Canadian yachtsmen, and the good showing of their boats was gratifying not merely to their owners and crews but likewise to all who take an interest in such matters throughout the Dominion. In class A Zoraya won on time allowance making a fine showing all through and though this victory was not all it might have been, the excellent sailing qualities of the boat and the manner in which she was handled show that Canadians have no reason to be ashamed of Zoraya in any way.

Crusader in Class B won three straight victories and holds the unique record of seven firsts for seven races. Such a record is enough to put Canadian yachtsmen in high feather, although admitting that in Shark of Toledo, the Americans have a fine boat. The races were sailed both in light airs and with a stiff breeze and on each occasion the Canadian boats showed up well. The work of the Canadian skippers was highly commended by the critics and in particular the handling of Zoraya by Skipper Jarvis was described as superb. Without doubt much of the good showing of the Canadian boats was due to the fine handling by skippers who knew the capacities of their boats.

An International Regatta

Amongst the many incidents of the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec was an international regatta between crews from the sailors of the various men of war present. Great interest was taken in the race for twelve oared events which was won by the British tars, the Americans making a stong bid for supremacy. The course was one of three miles in length, and while the British won by a minute, with the United States second, the Frenchmen made a good third. A curious feature of the regatta was that all the boats used in the international races were British, neither the United States nor the French craft possessing boats fit to face the conditions created by the squally weather.

A Police Patrol Boat.

The Toronto police have been outfitted with a gasoline launch by the Canadian Gas, Power and Launches, Limited, and with this boat the bay will be regularly patrolled from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night. Four constables have been detailed for the work which will consist in enforcing the marine regulations, the rules of the road carrying lights after dark and speeding. The craft will be serviceable also in cases of upsets and drownings. The boat is forty feet in length, equipped with a sixty horse power Hunter engine, and has a canopy to keep off the sun. It has no distinctive mark so as to arouse suspicion of offenders and in view of rowdyism and accidents the services of the new patrol should prove effective.

Vancouver Victories.

At the N. P. A. A. O. Regatta held at Seattle, Vancouver won the senior fours, junior fours, senior doubles and the junior singles. Nelson captured the senior single and the junior doubles. Never before has Vancouver made such a good showing at this regatta. On the other hand the Victoria men were unfortunate all through, coming in last in each of the five races for which they entered.

Canoeing at Ottawa

At Brittania Regatta held on the Ottawa on July 18th, the Carleton Place crew carried off both war canoe events and the open tours. In the half mile Carlton Place set a pace which was described as "terrific" and kept it up for the whole distance, maintaing their lead despite the "spurts" of the other crews. New Edinburg tried hard and fought for inches but the CarletonPlace men never wavered and won by a small margin. In the quarter mile dash the same tactics won again though the New Endinburghs were only a few inches behind. The winners must have done some hard training and were in splendid condition or they could not have responded so nobly to the heavy tax made on their staying powers.

At the Rideau Regatta held on the canal at Ottawa, Brittania Canoe Club won the war canoe race. In the first heat New Edinburghs II and Brittania II were the rivals and the former won; in the second Brittania I beat Ottawa; and in the third New Edinburgh's seniors easily vanquished the Rideaus. The final showed a great race. Brittainia faced both the New Edinburgh crews and getting a clear lead set a steady pace. Soon the Edinburgh seniors crept up and it was neck and neck to the finish. Both spurted when the end was near but the Brittanias, though gained upon, could not be overtaken and finished half a length ahead. The New Edinburghs won nearly everything in sight compiling a total of seventeen points, Brittania being next with nine and Rideau, Ottawa and Carleton Place following closely.

The Ottawa Canoe Club held their annual regatta on Saturday July25th and the war canoe races furnished splendid races and close finishes. In the half mile the New Edinburghs won so narrowly that their rivals, the Brittanias, did not know that they had lost, but immediately the decision of the judges was announced they gave a cheer for their rivals and displayed a fine sportsmanlike spirit. The New Edinburghs likewise won the quarter mile war canoe race by narrow margin. They made an effective spurt at the finish which just landed them across the line.

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TRADE MARK

The Dunnsmuir Cup Returns to Vancouver.

British Columbia yachtsman are jubilant over the victories of the Alexandra which have resulted in the return of the Dunsmuir Cup to Vancouver. Last year the cup was won by the Spirit of Seattle and for a year has been in the possession of the Americans. This year the series of races were the finest yet sailed and the victories were due to excellent seamanship and the merits of the boat. The first race was won by the Alexandra, the second by the Spirit of Seattle and the third by the Alexandra—this maintaining the interest to the last and bringing back the cup not as the result of a fluke but through successes well and hardly won and due merit alone. This year the races took place in British Columbian waters and next year the venue will be removed to Seattle.

—

A British Victory.

The Argonauts received a bad set back at the opening of the international regatta at Henley England, by the defeat of their pairs and fours in the first heats. The pairs were drawn to contest the heat with the Leaders, a crack crew on the English Thames who won easily although Jacques and Toms sprinted all the way. Time 9.46. The men steered so badly that at one time Jacques had to use his oar to push the boat off the piles.

No better fared the crack four, the four that made a clean sweep of everything last season. The four was composed of Geoffrey Taylor, staoke Charlie Riddy, second, Gales, third and Gordon Balfour, bow. They won their trial races at St. Catharines easily but in England were beaten by Magdalen College. Their worst fault in Canadian waters was their steering and that appears to have been the cause of their downfall in England. Twice they ran into the piles in the first quarter and lost too much time for though they made a fine sprint in the last quarter they were beaten by two and a quarter lengths. Magalns time was 8.34.

The Magdalen College four are the fastest four ever seen at Henley. Balfour, the bowman of the Argo suffered from bleeding of the nose and the crew were able to overcome the loss at the start due to poor steering.

Lou Scholes, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1904 was defeated by Von Gazon, of the Viking Club, of Berlin, Germany. Scholes made a gallant attempt, but the German led all through and won by a length.

The Argos eight won their heat with the Norweigans, leading from the stast and never being pushed. The time for the full course was 8.06.

Although the Argonauts lost their second heat to the well known Leader crew they participated in a fine race, described by several critics as the fiuest race of the Henley meet. The Argos got away well and made a number of magnificent spurts, responding with spirit to the calls upon them. They were not however equal to the Leaders. though they kept up so well that the winners were not more than a length in front of them in crossing the line. Time 8.12. Both crews were heartily cheered at the close of the race for the fine exhibition they gave and Coach Joe Wright was specially complimented on the excellent training he had given to the crew to enable them to make such a plucky and sustained fight.

It may be interesting to add that the final was won by the Leaders, who easily defeated a Belgian crew.

——

Wanted A Swimming Pool.

A little lad of eight recently wrote to the Park Commisioners of Toronto urging the necessity for a swimming pool in the centre of the city. He wished it to be two and a half feet deep, "you could make the same as you would flood the park in the winter time and it would be a grand idea. I ask you as I have four brothers and our parents will not allow us to go to the sandbar." This touching appeal may have the desired effect as consideration to the suggestion is promised. It may even go further and result in something of the kind being done in several of the larger cities of Canada. A central swimming bath is a necessity in the larger cities and should be supplied

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A Winnipeg Victory.

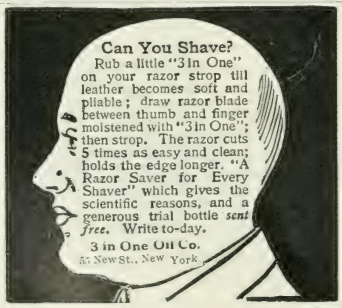
The event of the North Western Regatta held at Winnipeg on July 25th was the victory of the Winnipeg crew in the Senior Eights. This is the premier honour of the regatta and the victory of the local crew after a hard contest, was highly popular. Both the local men and the St. Pauls crew rowed well, the boats continuing practically even over all the course and Winnipeg only won by a narrow margin. Indeed the great majority of the nine thousand people present could not tell the winner and they allowed themselves the privilegeof a few moments of madness when the decision was announced. The victory was all the more welcome because the Americans had the best of it in the previous events, capturing the senior singles, junior fours and junior doubles.

In the evening, the annual meeting of the North Western Association was held when the following officers were elected : C. F. Galt, Winnipeg, Honorary President: J. Denegre, St. Paul, Vice-President; J. H. Barnes, Duluth, Secretary-Treasurer; Commodore, E. Wayland, Fort William, Vice-Commodore, W. Robertson, Kenora.

The next regatta will be held at St. Paul.

C. C. A. Regatta.

The western division of the Canadian Canoe Association held their annual regatta at Toronto on August first Orillia was the only outside club represented, Buffalo, although making several entries; failing to send any contestants, Parkdale won the half mile war canoe race ; A. McNichol and R. Blackham Toronto Canoe Club, the senior tandem, half mile, and the T. C. C., the junior tandem. The half mile junior singles and senior singles, intermediate singles and international fours were won by the Toronto Canoe Club representatives, the fours and intermediate tandem members of the Island Acquatics, while Orillia pulled off the senior fours in fine style.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New Members of the C. C. O.

At a meeting of the Canadian Canoe Association held at Ottawa the Parkdale Canoe Club of Toronto and the Lachine Club, of Montreal were admitted to membership.

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Oct. 30-31—Live Birds and Targets, Clinton, Ontario.

Stray Pellets

Canada is to be congratulated on the fine showing made by her trap shooters at the Olympic trials in England. W. H. Ewing, Montreal, won the individual champion hip and gold medal and George Beattie, Hamilton, won second place and the silver medal. Although the Canadian team lost to the English in the team race, they were handicapped. The English team shot in fine weather and with no wind to bother them, while the Canucks shot in a wind and rain storm. The Canadians revenged their defeat by subsequently beating the Olympic winners on the London Gun Club grounds. The Canadians who took part were W. H. Ewing, Montreal; Geo. Beattie and M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton; D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont.; A. W. Westover, Sutton Junction, Que.; Geo. Vivian and F. A. Parker, Toronto. Mr. Parker captained the team but did not shoot. The style of clay bird shooting in England is so different to that in vogue here that it is remarkable that the Canadians did so well. In England the gun is held below the shoulder until the bird is released. The use of both barrels is permitted. The rocks are thrown from a pit 27 feet long, set with traps and the shooter gets his bird from an unknown trap and at an unknown angle. To add to the difficulty at this shoot the back ground was a grove of trees which made the birds hard to distinguish. All the Canadians won big prizes. Sixty shooters took part, including residents of all the European countries, the United Kingdom and Canada.

* * * *

High average at Essex tournament was won with a three dram load of English Schultze hand loaded in 2¾ inch Sovereign shells.

* * * *

Kingsville Gun Club has reorganized with the following officers: Hon. President, J. I. Miner; President, W. A. Smith; Vice-President, Dr. McKenzie; secretary, Offa Ferguson; treasurer, Fred Forster; captain, Thos. Pastorius; executive committee, in addition to the President, secretary and captain, Wilphord Duggan, Byron Wigle, Theodore Wigle, Dilbert Quick, Gordon Wigle.

* * * *

At the Fort Garry Gun Club weekly shoot on July 21st the Cutting Cup again changed hands, to share for a time at least the comfortable quarters of the International and Canadian championship trophies, recently won by G. B. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan's score was 24 out of 25 birds. In an extra series of 25 birds, E. H. Houghton made the possible. The Cutting Cup scores were Buchanan 24, J. McLeod Holiday 24, Mackay 24, Tom Brindle 23, Yates 23, Beliveau 23, Turvey 22, Farwell 21, Dr. Cadham 20, Lake 15, Dr. Good 10.

* * * *

The Sportsman's Review says: "G. W. McGill of Toronto, Ont., can't miss any Grand American Handicap any more than he can help being a gentleman, one that his American brothers would miss. He was, as usual, accompanied by his shooting companion, his wife, who is just as enthusiastic as he." They know him over there.

* * *

The Blind River Trap and Gun Club will hold a tournament on the seven inst., when a considerable attendance is expected from members of clubs in districts along the north shore of Lake Huron. Mr. D. J. Carroll, a member of the Club, has secured permission from the Sun Life Insurance Co., of which he is district agent, to present the club with a cup value about $60 as the first prize for team shooting. There will be a second prize in this competition. First, second and third prizes will be offered for individual shooting. The Club will also offer a prize, valued at least at $25, for a team shoot open to the world.

A Northern Ontario Tournament.

On Dominion Day a trap shooting tournament, in which the members of four trap shooting clubs, took part, was held at Sault Ste Marie, Ont. Included in the tournament were contests for club and individual championships for Northern Ontario. The Clubs whose representatives were present were Sault Ste Marie, Ont.; Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; Espanola, Blind River and Cutter.

Following were the results of the team shoot at 100 birds per man:—

Espanola No 1—Jiquae 79, McEwen 74, H. Gillarno 67, Turgeon 73, A. Gillarno 53. Total 346.

Sault Ste Marie No 1—M. F. Goodwin 65, J. W. Simpkins 74, G. Ellis 72, J. F. Kitchen 62, R. Ellis 64. Total 337.

Espanola — A. E. Millington 86, G. R.

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Gray 80, J. Blair 46, W. J. Hussey 63, J. Plant 56. Total 331.

Soo No. 2—J. W. Ross 39, A. H. Richardson 71, C. Hewitt 83, A. Ellis 61, W. Rossiter 47. Total 301.

Blind River No.2—Stover 58, Hempsted 59, Rogers 62, Eddy 59, Driscoll 53. Total 291.

Blind River, No. 1—Kelly 67, P. Wallace 40 Montgomery 59, W. Wallace 67, Braithwaite 47. Total 280.

Open to the World Shoot July 1st, 25 birds per man—

Soo, Michigan—C. Hewitt 20, W. J. Bell 20, Gowan 19, W. Supe 19, France 20, C. Hewiet 22, W. J. Bell 21, Gowan 18, W. Supe 15, France 15. Total 193.

Picked Team—Evans 18, Richardson 13, Ross 16, Foster 20, Wallace 17, Evans 19, Richardson 17, Ross 13, Foster 23, Wallace 20. Total 181.

Espanola—Millington 23, Grey 19, Jegnac 18, McEwan 17, Turgeon 16, Millington 20, Gray 19, Jegnac 18, McEwan 19, Turgeon 17, Total 186.

Soo, Ont.—G. Ellis 25, B. Goodwin 20, J. Simkins 20, R. Ellis 20, J. Kitchen 20, G. Ellis 19, B. Goodwin 19, J. Simkins 19, R. Ellis 23, J. Kitchen 18. Total 203.

It will be noticed in the above shoot that each team shot two rounds of 25 birds each.

Kingsville Beats Harrow.

One of the features of a Garden Party given at Harrow, Ont., by the Methodist church, was a trap shooting contest between Kingsville and Harrow for a prize consisting of 250 Imperial Ballistite loads. The teams were composed of ten men each and twenty-five targets.

The Kingsville team won the race with a score of 176 to 149. The scores were —

Kingsville—W. Duggan 18, T. Pastorious 20, Gordon Wigle 11, N. C. Wigle 20, Byron Wigle 16, Windle Wigle 16, Monroe Wigle 18, W. A. Smith 22, Ott Ferguson 18, Theo Wigle 17. Total 176.

Harrow—K. Ferris 16, J. Stocker 13, E. Pastorious 18, C. I. Pastorious 19, F. Pastorius 12, O. M. Pastorius 18, A. C. Cunningham 12, E. Ford 16, R. Wright 6, C. H. Lloyd 18. Total 149.

In the Merchandise event for ten prizes at 10 targets, the winners were C. I. Pastorius 9, W. A. Smith 8, O. M. Pastorius 8, Byron Wigle 8, T. Pastorius 8, B. Pigeon 8, N. C. Wigle 7, F. Pastorius 7, E. Pastorius 6.

Grand American Handicap.

The classic event of American trapdom, the Grand American Handicap was held at Columbus, Ohio, in June and drew together 362 of the crack shots of this continent. W. F. Harlow, Newark, Ohio, won the premier event with 92 out of 100, after shooting off a tie with Wolfolk Henderson of Lexington, Ky. Harlow shot from 16 yards and Henderson from 19 and in the shoot off Harlow scored 18 out 20 and Henderson 17. The preliminary handicap, second only in importance to the G.A.H., was won by C. H. Ditto of Keithsburg, Ill., with 95 out of 100. C. A. Young from twenty yards duplicated the score, but as a trade representative was ineligible. Harlow and Henderson who tied for the Grand American handicap were also a tie for second place in this event. Ditto shot from 18 yards. Fred Gilbert won the professional championship 188 out of 200, after shooting off a tie wi

R. R. Barber. Geo. Roll, Chicago, won the amateur championship with 183 out of 200 from 19 yards, after shooting off a tie with D. A. Upson (18 yards), C. H. Ditto (18 and H. E. Buckwalter (19 yards). Illinois won the 5-man team shoot with 470 out of 500. C. M. Powers made the long run of the tournament, 196 straight, shooting from 20 and 21 yards. Geo. Maxwell, the one-armed expert, won the high average for the entire tournament with 485 out of 520. H. E. Buckwalter, Royesford, Pa., was the winner in the doubles with 18 out of 20.

J. E. Jennings and G. W. McGill, Toronto, and E. G. White, Ottawa, were the only Canadians present. Jennings broke 112 out of 120 first day from 18 yards; 89 out of 100 in the Preliminary Handicap and 87 out of 100 in the Grand American Handicap and 175 out of 200 in the Amateur Championship event, and was in the money all time. The others did not do quite so well, but were well up in the bunch.

Essex Tournament.

Frank Stotts, Essex, held his annual target tournament at that place, July 27th. Twenty seven shooters took part. High average was won by W. A. Smith, Kingsville, with 156 out of 175. Peltier, Mt. Clemens, Mich., was second with 155. Shooting was under a sham handicap. The scores:—

	Shot At.	Broke.
W. A. Smith, Kingsville	175	156
— Peltier, Mt. Clemens	175	155
Hugh Fleming, Mt. Clemens	175	151
A. Tolsma, Detroit	175	151
F. Galbraith, Duart	175	145
T. Pastorius, Kingsville...	175	139
F. Stotts, Essex.....	175	94
Koehler, Wallacetown	150	105
O. Pastorius, Harrow.....	50	37
Ira Pastorius, Harrow	65	44
"Buck", Blenheim	70	55
E. Pastorius, Harrow	75	51
K. Ferris, Harrow	40	16
T. Rogers, Essex..	15	9
C. Thrasher, Amherstburg...	145	105
D. Rebidoux, Amherstburg...	125	85
G. Orton, Olinda.....	15	6
Ballard, Harrow	35	16
C. H. Lloyd, Harrow	90	54
Telford, Blenheim	85	46
Sampson, Blenheim	110	72
Thos. Reid, Walkerville ...	20	15
C. Billing, Essex	50	32

A notable series of victories have been won by Mr. R. R. Barber and his Lefever gun. This year he tied with Mr. Fred Gilbert for the Professional Championship of the United States at the Grand American Handicap meeting at Columbus, O. Using the same gun Mr. Barber won the G.A.H. in 1905 and the Preliminary Handicap at the same shoot, his scores respectively being .99 per cent. and 98 per cent., scores that have never been equalled at G.A.H. tournaments. At Boston, Mass., Mr. H. E. Buckwalter won the Eastern Preliminary Handicap with 88 out of 100 and Mr. A. H. Durston, vice-president of the Lefever Arms Company, second high professional average with a score of 88 out of 100. Both gentlemen used Lefever guns. The championship of Wesern Canada was secured by Mr. G. B. Buchanan at Winnipeg with a score of 47 out of 50 and 24 out of 25 in the shoot off. Mr. Buchanan likewise won the International championship with a score of 48 out of 50. In these competitions Mr. Buchanan used a Lefever gun. The Company publish a fine illustrated catalogue, a copy of which will be forwarded to any of our interested readers who will address the Company direct at Syracuse, N.Y.

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THE TOURNAMENT AT ST. CATHERINES.

Ingersoll Tournament.

Ingersoll Gun Club held their annual tournament on July 13th. All shot from 16 yards and some good scores were made. The money was divided on the Jack Rabbit system and a number of valuable average prizes in cash and merchandise were offered.

Fred Galbraith, Duart, left off cultivating his pea patch and bean rows long enough to win high average with the good score of 140 out of 150. Glover and Day, the peerless performers of London, were there and, as usual, shot well up to the front. Glover and Turnbull, Stratford, who is warm enough for any company, tied for second average with 141, while Day dropped into third place with 140. Horning, Hamilton, who has some very pleasant recollections of his last shooting trip to Ingersoll, came next with 138, with Kay, Otterville, who has never apparently, wandered far from his own fireside, for a trap shoot, bumping up close behind him with 137. Court Thompson, the only "pro" present, scored 127.

The following are the scores:—

	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		Ttl.
Glover, London	13	14	19	14	15	19	14	14	19	—	141
Day, London	13	15	18	14	14	19	15	14	18	—	140
Turnbull, Stratford	15	15	19	13	15	15	15	15	19	—	141
Galbraith, Duart	13	14	19	15	13	19	15	15	20	—	143
Kirbyson, Ingersoll	9	11	17	14	15	16	14	14	17	—	127
Partlo, Ingersoll	14	11	18	13	11	18	13	13	13	—	124
Boles, Stratford	12	12	14	11	12	16	12	12	16	—	117
Harris, Ingersoll	9	10	11	12	13					—	117
Nichols, Ingersoll	11	14	16	10	13	16	14	13	15	—	122
Kay, Otterville	14	13	18	14	15	18	13	15	17	—	137
Leach, Woodstock	9	10	16	11			10			—	57
F. Staples, Ingersoll	15	13	18	15	12	18	14	13	16	—	134
J. Staples, Ingersoll	11									—	11
Horning, Hamilton	14	13	18	15	14	19	13	14	18	—	138
xThompson, Hamilton	13	13	17	11	14	19	14	10	16	—	127
Janes, Ingersoll	—			10			13	12		—	35
Kerr, Crediton	12	11	18	13	10	17	12	12	19	—	124
Ionson, Woodstock	—							6	6	—	12
Bonnett, Woodstock	—						11	10	13	—	34
Maynard, Woodstock	—						14	13	15	—	42
Farlow, Woodstock	—						8	9	14	—	31

*Professional.

Brampton Items.

The Brampton Gun Club journeyed to Owen Sound fifteen strong to shoot a friendly match with the Owen Sound Gun Club. Through some misunderstanding the Owen Sound club didn't get their men together until late in the afternoon. By that time there was only time to shoot 25 rounds per man. The Brampton Club winning by 19 birds. Following are the scores:

25 birds each.

Brampton—White 24, Beck 22, Choate 22, R. Fletcher 22, E. Packham 17, W. Fletcher 17, Peaker 13, Walsh 13. Total 150.

Owen Sound—McPhee 20, C. Harris 19, Morrison 19, J. Harrison 19, Oate 18, L. W. Brownlee 10, Downing 10. Total 131.

The Brampton Gun Club also held a shoot on their own grounds July 8 for a vase presented by the Hunter Arms Co. "A" class men shot at 30 birds. "B" Class men shot at 35 and used both barrels. Mr. C. Packham, president of the club, won by breaking 27 out of 30 and Mr. J. Wilson second man, 26 out of 35 with two barrels and was presented with a gold stick pin by Mr. C. Packham.

Following are the scores of those shooting at 35 with 2 barrels and their scores: E. T. Choate 22, R. Haggert 14, John Wilson 26, H. McKillop 20.

Those shooting at 30 targets with one barrel and their scores were as follows: W. J. Fletcher 22, C. Packham 27, J. Beck 17, L. White 25, C. Wilson 23, R. Fletcher 22.

Brampton Gun Club is in a prosperous condition, holding two spoon shoots each week and intend holding a tournament this fall.

The DuPont Company is justly proud of the record made by its powders at the Eastern Handicap, Boston, Mass., July 14th to 16th of this year. Mr. Geo. Lyon of Durham, N.C., won the Eastern Handicap and Mr. A. B. Richardson of Dover, Del., won second money in the same event. Mr. H. E. Buckwalter of Royersford, Pa., won the Preliminary Handicap. These three amateurs used Dupont Smokeless. An Illinois amateur won High Amateur Average for the entire tournament, while Mr. L. S. German won High General Average for the entire tournament, both using Dupont Smokeless.

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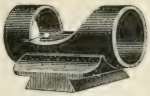

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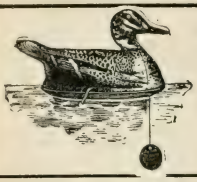

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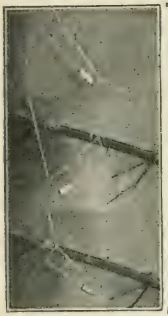

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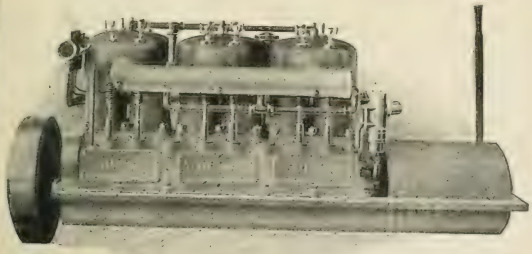

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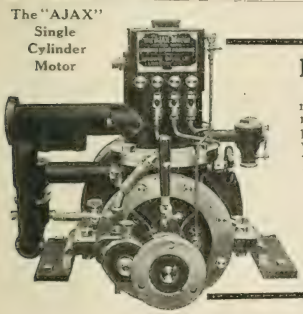

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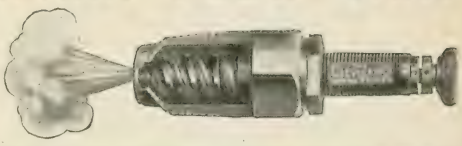

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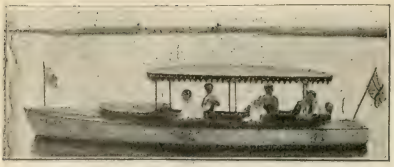

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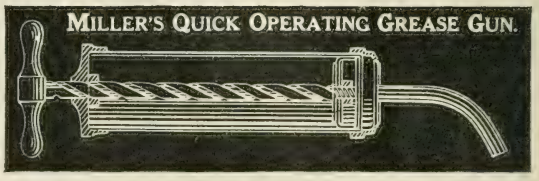

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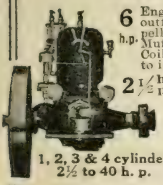

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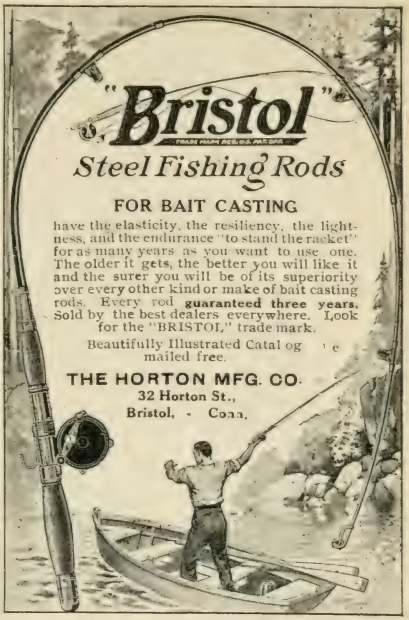

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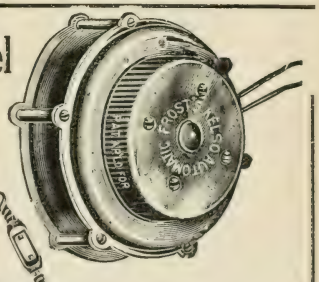

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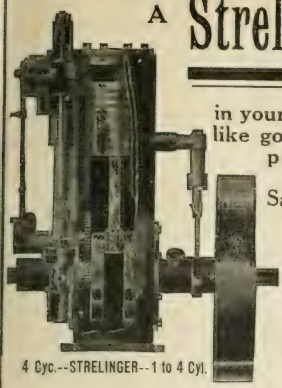

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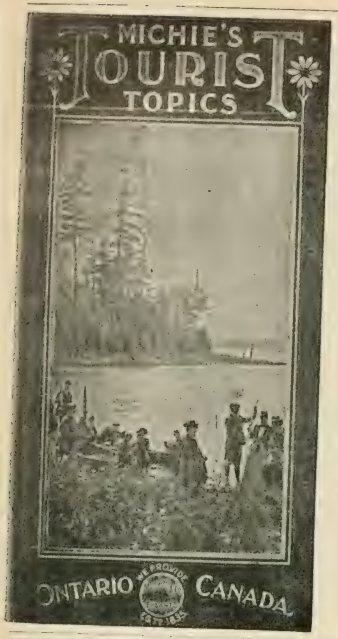

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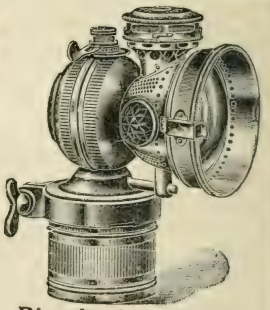

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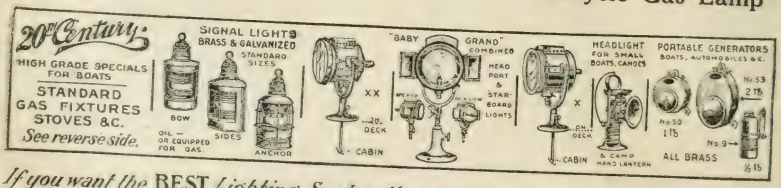

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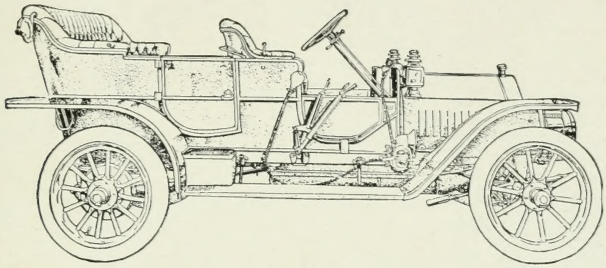

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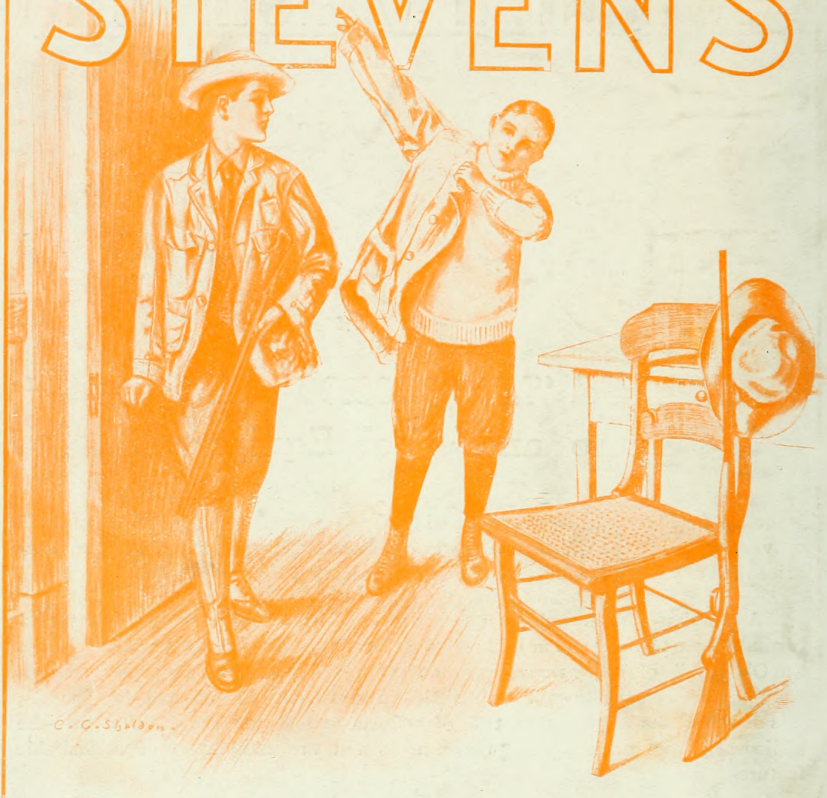

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